

Thomas Noy

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS IS RESERVED.

No. 434.—VOL. III.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY, 11, 1863.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED 4D.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

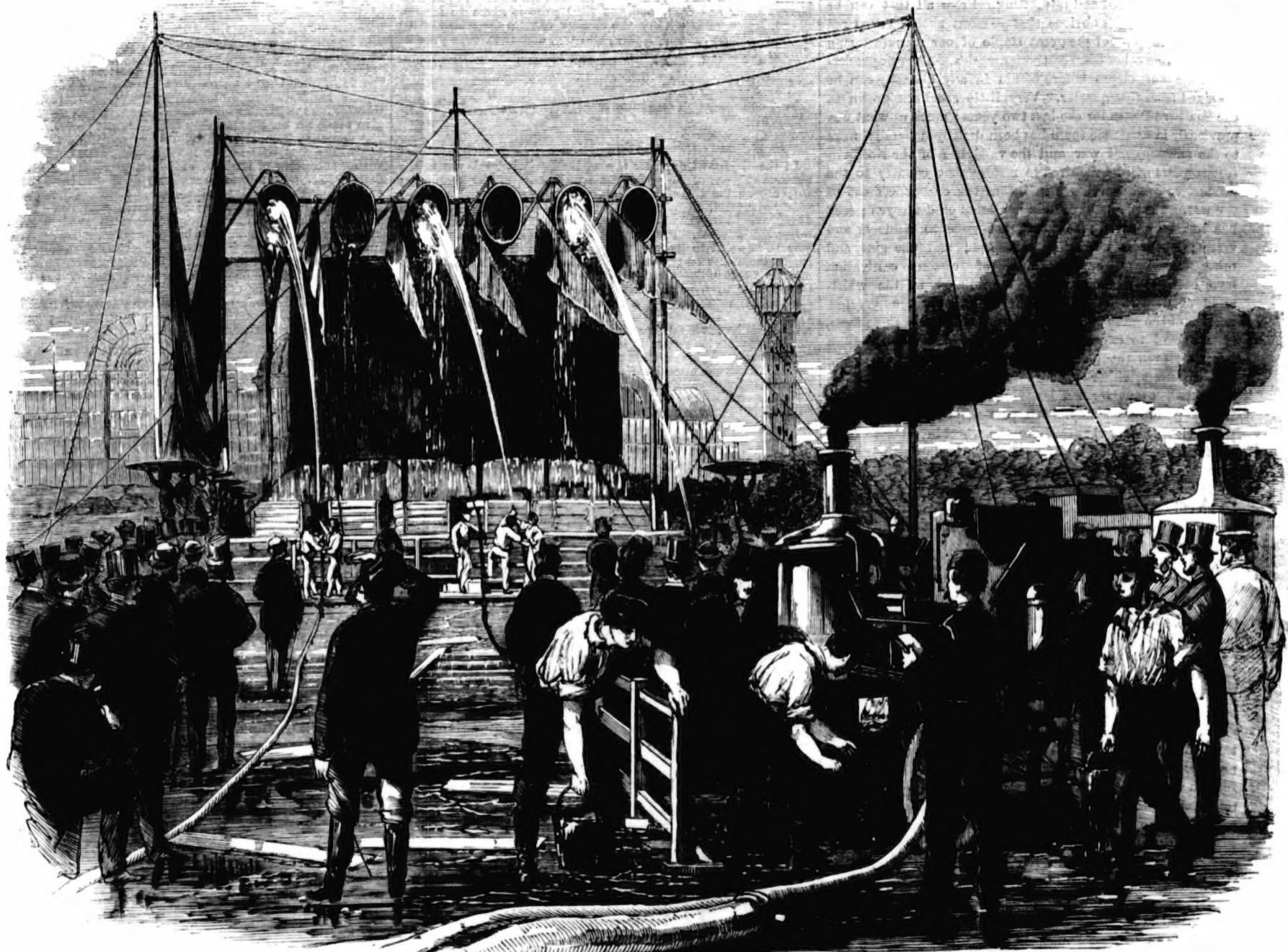
VARIOUS subjects, foreign and domestic, claim at least a passing notice from us this week. It is, however, a satisfactory circumstance that the foreign themes are of much more striking interest than the domestic ones. We shall, therefore, give them priority of attention.

First in point of importance is the new phase the war in America has assumed, in consequence of General Lee's advance northwards. The tables, for the time at least, are completely turned, and should the Confederate leader succeed in capturing either of the Northern cities he threatens—should he take Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia—perhaps the Northern people, by being themselves made familiar with the evils of war, may be induced to see the folly, not to say positive crime, of continuing a struggle which impartial observers have long since seen to be hopeless on their side. It is impossible, from the confused and often contradictory accounts received up to the time we write, to form any definite idea of what General Lee's plans are; and this, of course, is perfectly natural, as it could be no part of that Commander's design to develop his intentions till the proper moment arrived for striking the blow he meditated. One very singular feature, however, has been already exhibited.

We used to be assured by Northern orators and the Northern press that an invasion of Federal soil would rouse the people as one man—that soldiers would rally round the national standard in hundreds of thousands—nay, some enthusiastic writers even went the length of talking of millions of armed men arraying themselves in defence of Northern soil. The very reverse of this has happened. The Pennsylvanians are apathetic—will make no effort to defend themselves, and are even taunted with only regarding the presence of the contending armies as a means of traffic and money-getting. The authorities in Maryland in vain implore the other States for aid, while the men of the State, who have always been regarded as more inclined to side with the South than with the North, are accused of throwing obstacles in the way of the efforts made to fortify Baltimore, and positively refuse to work upon the intrenchments. The militia musters in New York and other States go but slowly on, and those who have enrolled themselves make it a special stipulation that they shall not be required to serve longer than three or six months, or, as some phrase it, "during the contingency;" while the Governor of New Jersey has actually recalled the militia of his State, either because he could not agree with the Governor of Pennsylvania as to the terms on which the

troops were to serve, or because they had been taunted as "Copperheads"—that is, Northern Democratic sympathisers with the South. All this does not look very much like uniting and rising as one man to resist invasion! True, the Governor of Illinois is reported to have offered 10,000 men to defend Pennsylvania; but, as Illinois is one of the States in which the most decided opposition to conscription has been shown, will he be able to make good his offer? Altogether, things do not seem to be in a very healthy condition in the North; and had the South been as much disunited, Richmond, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Charleston, and indeed every position of importance in Secession, might have been captured long since.

The course of events in Poland remains much the same as heretofore, partial encounters with varying success being still of daily occurrence, but in no way tending to the settlement of the quarrel one way or other. We must still, however, whatever may be our wishes, adhere to the opinion we have already expressed, that the superior power, organisation, discipline, and, we may add, ferocious unscrupulousness, of the Russians must in the end prevail on this as on former occasions. Of the atrocities committed by the Russian commanders, especially by General Mouravieff—



TRIAL OF STEAM FIRE-ENGINES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN PRESENCE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

who, by-the-way, is not the Mouravieff of Kara—we continue to receive fresh accounts daily, and, though these may probably be much exaggerated, it seems pretty certain that enough is substantiated to brand the names of the perpetrators with everlasting disgrace. The system adopted by the Russians of encouraging the peasants in some provinces to denounce and hunt down the landholder and citizen classes has led, as it was intended to lead, to wholesale butchery of innocent men and even helpless women and children. Every honest mind must deeply execrate and deplore such inhuman conduct. By-the-by, it is rather remarkable that Russia and the Northern States of America, between whom a close alliance subsists, should be the only Powers which, in modern times, have indulged in the full savagery of war. Both have had recourse to the barbarous policy of making a desert and calling it peace; both have wantonly destroyed private property wherever they had the power, whether doing so would tend to finish the contest or not; and both have endeavoured to excite a servile war against their opponents, for the peasants of Volhynia and other provinces of Russia and Poland are as much slaves as the negroes of South Carolina or Louisiana; and that from the fault, not of the Polish proprietors, but of the Russian Government. It should never be forgotten that the Polish Diet had decreed freedom to the peasant-servants long before any such idea was entertained at St. Petersburg, and that Russian domination alone prevented the realisation of the project.

The Emperor Napoleon's explanation of what passed between himself and Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay places the matter in a very simple light. The whole affair is evidently a mere case of misunderstanding of words and inaccuracy as to dates. The Emperor's statement does not in all respects agree with that of Mr. Roebuck, but the discrepancies might easily arise from the hon. gentleman having imperfectly understood, and consequently incorrectly reported, what passed at the interview in question. The most serious part of the whole affair is the indiscretion—to use no stronger term—of which Mr. Roebuck was guilty in introducing such a communication to the House of Commons at all; and for that he will probably be taken pretty smartly to task on the resumption of the debate on his motion as to recognising the Southern Confederacy. The hon. gentleman, however, will no doubt stoutly defend himself, whoever may assume the office of assailant.

The subject of cotton supply and the prospects of the manufacturing districts are closely associated, and may therefore be dealt with together. The debate on the first-named point, introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Caird, was both well-timed and interesting. From all that can be ascertained, it seems obvious that no effort should be spared to procure supplies of the great staple of our manufacturing industry from other sources than America. A very considerable time must elapse before cotton in any quantity can be obtained from that quarter. Very little has been grown in the Southern States for the last two years; much of what was previously in existence there has been destroyed; and, thanks to the exigencies of war and the vandalism of the Northern troops, years will be required to restore that country to the productive condition it was in before the commencement of the war. The plants have been neglected or destroyed; seed has not been saved: the land has gone to wildness and waste; labour is utterly disorganised; and the gins and other necessary appurtenances of cotton cultivation have been to a great extent annihilated in the whirlwind of destruction which has swept over the greatest portion of the most productive States. In face of these facts, it is absurd to expect any large supplies of cotton from America, even though the war were at an end to-morrow; and we must either procure it elsewhere or make up our minds to at least a large cessation of cotton manufacturing in this country. All parties, therefore, ought to put their shoulders vigorously to the wheel in order to open up fresh sources of supply. Let the manufacturers risk something for this purpose, and encourage production in India and elsewhere by supplying the necessary capital; and let no official red-tapism, from Sir Charles Wood downwards, be allowed to stand in the way of so important an enterprise. If this be done, we do not doubt of ultimate success.

Meanwhile it is gratifying to find that the condition of things in Lancashire is greatly and rapidly improving. About one half the hands lately upon the relief funds are in full or partial employment either in their old occupation or in other branches of industry, and the number still on the lists of unemployed is week by week becoming smaller. On the other hand, there are still considerable funds in reserve to meet any emergency that may arise; and we are glad to have the authority of Lord Derby for believing that sufficient means are in possession of the relief committees to carry them safely through the winter. This is highly satisfactory, and we doubt not that, should the necessity arise, the public will not fail to furnish whatever sum may be required to save any portion of the population from want. Still, every effort should be made to find an outlet for the surplus labour of Lancashire. Idle waiting for what may turn up is both a wasteful and a dangerous process. Let as few as possible of our factory workers be subjected to the test.

TARGET TRIAL AT SHOEBURYNESS.—An important target trial took place at Shoeburyness on Tuesday. Hitherto the targets have been constructed on the principle that the backing must be elastic, but the trial of Tuesday was to determine the value of the opposite, or rigid, theory. Up to the test furnished by the old-fashioned and still favourite 68-pounder the rigid theory was sustained; but a 150-lb. steel shot passed through the target and its supports, and a 300-lb. shell penetrated the target and yet the filling of the collar was safe. One of the Armstrong guns used at the trial burst; that is to say, the outer ring of the gun gave way. There was no one injured.

TRIAL OF FIRE-ENGINES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

DURING several days last week experiments to test the capacity of steam fire-engines were made at the Crystal Palace. These experiments were brought to a close on Friday, the 3rd inst., after each machine had been put through every conceivable form of ordeal, some of which were so severe that one—an American engine—broke down completely.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Caithness and attended by Captain Grey, came on the ground soon after ten o'clock to witness the experiments. On the previous evening the American engine was tried by the severe test of drawing its water from a depth of 18 ft. and delivering it up hill through a 400 ft. length of hose into the water-temple. This was the most difficult test which any of the machines had to undergo; but those of Messrs. Shand and Mason and Mr. Merryweather went through it admirably. The American engine Alexandra broke its cylinder cover in its efforts to do the same, and of course was instantly rendered useless. On Friday the American engine Manhattan, which was seriously injured by turning over when being brought upon the ground on Tuesday, was tried in the presence of his Royal Highness. It was scarcely fair to try this engine at all, but the American gentlemen themselves wished it, and steam was got up accordingly. Before it had pumped long, however, it was found to be too much injured to work with safety, and a crack which its flywheel had received when it fell over began to spread so fast that the machine had to be stopped at once. The Prince appeared to take great interest in the working of the machines, the different merits of which were pointed out to him by the Duke of Sutherland and Captain Shaw. After passing some time among the engines, the Prince went to that part of the grounds where Mr. Coxwell's balloon was inflated, ready to make an ascent. Mr. Coxwell having explained to him the details of the balloon and the various appurtenances connected with it, made an ascent at one o'clock, in the Prince's presence, who then quitted the gardens. The balloon descended in safety near Bromley in the afternoon.

The most important experiments afterwards made with the engines took place just under the north water-tower, to test them as to their power in throwing a vertical jet high into the air. For this purpose the nozzles of the hose of the four competing machines were fixed upright side by side in a frame about 10 ft. high. The diameter of the hose-pipe used by Mr. Merryweather was 20-16ths of an inch, or more than an inch and a half. Messrs. Shand and Mason used a nozzle of 22-16ths of an inch, the American engine one of 21-16ths of an inch, and Mr. Roberts's engine one of 14-16ths of an inch. The latter, for such a small engine (only 30 cwt.), threw a steady and high jet, at times quite as high as 140 ft., into the air. All, however, were eclipsed in height by the jets thrown by Mr. Merryweather's and Messrs. Shand and Mason's, that from the engine of the latter firm being the highest of all, reaching at times close upon 190 ft., if indeed it did not overtop even this great altitude. Mr. Merryweather's engine also threw a most magnificent column of the great diameter we have mentioned, and maintained the column steadily at a height varying between 160 ft. and 170 ft. This was the most massive jet thrown, though Messrs. Shand and Mason, with their slightly thinner column, could always overreach it by 20 ft. or more. The American engine was literally nowhere, and, except during an occasional spurt, 50 ft. was about its maximum. As the jets were kept close up, parallel with the tower, and only distant from it a couple of feet, it was quite easy, by a comparison with the stories of the tower itself, each of which is 20 ft. high, to estimate almost to a foot the height each jet was thrown. The united efforts of all the nozzles of course came down in a perfect cataract of water. This last effort, which was exceedingly beautiful to witness, brought the trials to a close.

The prizes to the various engines have since been awarded. The prize of £250 for the best heavy engine has been awarded to Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, and the £100 prize is given to Messrs. Shand, Mason, and Co. For the smaller engines the prize of £250 is given to Messrs. Shand, Mason, and Co., and the second prize of £100 to Mr. Lee.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

In the absence of any new theme, the Paris journals pursue the question of peace or war with Russia with more ardour than ever; but, beyond the fact of the military preparations, which are now nearly completed, there is not the slightest clue to the Emperor's ultimate decision. The Russian reply is not expected to reach Paris before the 15th inst. The *France* and the *Pays* both state that it may be expected to be most favourable. The *Patrie* expounds at length the wishes of the warlike portion of the community, and maintains that "the task of diplomacy is over—it is time that war should enter upon her." The *France* publishes three columns of dissertation, recommending a close alliance between England and France.

M. Behic has, it is said, prepared a decree for making an immense canal, navigable for vessels of large tonnage, to connect Paris with the sea. Several years ago the Parisians were greatly tickled by the idea that Paris was already a "seaport" because a few flat-bottomed steamers got up the Seine from Havre with some bales of goods. Now, however, it is said that the scheme of making Paris a "Port de Mer" is "really serious." A capital of 200 millions is talked of, and several London bankers are said to be engaged in the affair.

PRUSSIA.

A telegram from Berlin asserts that the Crown Prince, acting on the advice of some members of his family, has drawn up a written defence of his Dantzig speech, which is virtually an attack upon the conduct of the Ministry.

Berlin has been the scene of a succession of very serious riots, which, however, do not appear to have any political character. The occupant of a low boozeshop had been forcibly ejected by his landlord, whereupon he harangued a crowd which had assembled on his real or supposed wrongs; the mob took his part, broke the windows of the house, and committed a good deal of other damage. The disturbances were renewed for several successive evenings, barricades were erected in the streets, and the rioters were not dispersed till charged, sword in hand, by the armed police. Several citizens were wounded, and a number of the ringleaders taken prisoners. An insinuation has been made, upon what grounds does not clearly appear, that these disturbances are the work of the feudal party, in order to supply a pretext for having recourse to a purely military rule in the capital.

GREECE.

There have been some serious disturbances at Athens. A part of the army has mutinied, and several contests have taken place. The bank was attacked by the rioters, and fifty persons were killed and wounded, among the former being a son of Admiral Canaris. The building seems only to have been preserved by the arrival of a large body of marines from the French, English, and Russian vessels in the harbour, who defended the place. The Italian Admiral had caused the marines to be disembarked for the protection of the residence of the Italian Minister and the security of the other Italian residents. Some of the French evening papers assert that the English, French, and Russian Legations at Athens had addressed identical notes to the National Assembly, declaring that, unless order were restored, they would quit the city. Later telegrams state that the leaders of the revolt had made their submission to the National Assembly, and that tranquillity was restored. A new Ministry had been formed, consisting of MM. Rufo, Calliges, Kihazio, Chimeka, Maramikalis, and Nikpuo.

THE CAUCASUS.

The Caucasians are again in arms against the Russian invaders, and the whole of the country between Tiflis, Karatakh, and the Lezghian provinces is in a state of insurrection. The Tartars, who

hitherto have been favourable to the Russians, are now taking part in the insurrection.

DENMARK.

The Danish Government has ordered an extraordinary levy of two years' service men, the whole of whom are ordered to be under arms on the 1st of August next.

MEXICO.

Accounts from the city of Mexico to the 24th ult. state that General Comonfort had resigned the command of the Mexican forces, in consequence of the strong feeling prevailing against him for not relieving the garrison at Puebla and saving the city, and that President Juarez had personally assumed the command. General Forey had put 300 Mexican prisoners at work on the Vera Cruz Railway, and 200 were employed in destroying the fortifications erected by the Mexicans for the defence of Puebla.

MADAGASCAR.

The report of the French Consul at Tamatave, Madagascar, dated May 15, has reached Paris, and explains that the cause of the political revolution was the rivalry between the nobles and the Nenamasso. The young men who, at the accession of King Radama, took power and monopolised all favours, suggested to the King measures disapproved of by the people. The King refused to listen to the representations of the officers and principal inhabitants, who then entered into conspiracies against him and his Ministers, which ended in their assassination and the election of the Queen.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL LEE'S MOVEMENTS.

We have intelligence from New York to the 27th of June, which gives reports of, or guesses at, General Lee's movements up to that date. The accounts are more or less confused, but it appears certain that a large portion of the Confederate forces had passed into Pennsylvania and Maryland, and that General Lee was endeavouring to isolate Washington from the north and east, as well as from the west, and so compel General Hooker to accept a battle for its release. Thus far General Lee has been enabled to carry out his plans without receiving any material check, and as they become developed they exhibit a skill and unity which may well excite some apprehension even for the safety of Washington. One division of General Lee's army is said to be advancing to Budd's Ferry, fifteen miles below Washington, where, with the aid of pontoons which the Confederates have carried with them, the passage of the Potomac can easily be effected. This division would probably march upon Fort Washington and re-establish the batteries which formerly commanded the lower Potomac and affected the sea communications of the Federals. Another body of Confederate troops proceeded to Martinsburg, a town distant only a few miles from Harper's Ferry, and thence they proceeded along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as far west as Cumberland—a part of Maryland which almost unites Pennsylvania and Virginia, and is, at the same time, brought near to Ohio by the great railway system of the Middle and Western States. General Lee himself, if report be true, intended to cross the Potomac some miles above Washington, and to march upon the Baltimore Railroad, with a view to isolate Washington on the east as he had already partially done on the west. According to the estimate given, his army numbers 150,000 men; but this is probably an exaggeration. It is asserted, however, that he has received very large reinforcements from the armies of Bragg, in Tennessee, and of Beauregard, at Charleston; and it seems certain that he now commands a much larger army than he has ever hitherto done; while General Hooker has, according to report, not more than 70,000 men with which to oppose the Confederate host.

All accounts agree that General Lee's army occupied the Valley of Boonesborough, in Maryland, and was in possession of Boonesborough, South Mountain, and Frederick City, from which points it was supposed he would advance upon Washington direct, or by way of Baltimore.

General Ewell established his head-quarters at Chambersburg on the 21st, and issued an order prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors, and warning non-combatants to abstain from acts of hostility towards his troops. The Confederates respect private property, and give bonds for the supplies they take from the people.

A despatch from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, dated midnight of the 25th, states that at the latest accounts the Confederates were within four miles of Carlisle, at which place General Knipe, with four regiments of militia, was preparing to give them battle; that great numbers of people of all classes and colours were precipitately leaving the town, and that no official intelligence could be obtained. The despatch added, in conclusion, that there was important news, but that it was not allowed to be telegraphed, which, taken in conjunction with a report circulated during the day in New York that the 71st Regiment of New York (one of the force comprising General Knipe's command) had been captured, led to the belief that Carlisle had fallen into the hands of the Confederates.

Of General Hooker's position and movements but little is known. He still seems to be on the south side of the Potomac; but his right wing is said to stretch to Hagerstown, in Maryland.

MILROY'S DEFEAT AT WINCHESTER.

General Milroy is severely censured for his abandonment of Winchester and evident bad generalship. After several impotent attempts to resist the advance of General Ewell on the 11th, and being hemmed in upon three sides, he called a council of war, and decided to evacuate the town, which decision he carried into effect at three o'clock on the morning of the 15th. The Confederates soon became aware of his movements, hotly pursued him, and killed or captured great numbers of his soldiers. When General Milroy reached Harper's Ferry he had with him but 1700 men out of 7000, his estimated force at Winchester. The Southern accounts claim as their captures in this victory 6500 prisoners, 2800 horses, 500 wagons, and military stores to the value of nearly 2,000,000 dols.

PUBLIC FEELING IN THE NORTH.

The universal indifference of the people of Pennsylvania regarding the invasion is the subject of much comment. The *New York Herald* says that the inhabitants seem to have lost all spirit, and either retreat rapidly at the approach of the Confederates or exhibit a strange apathy. Even the troops from New York and New Jersey are not received with cordiality or enthusiasm, but the inhabitants endeavour only to profit pecuniarily by their presence.

Governor Parker, of New Jersey, in a proclamation dated the 22nd, directed the troops recently sent to Pennsylvania to return to their respective places of enrolment, to be mustered out of the service. He prefaces his proclamation by the assertion that the necessity no longer exists for the citizens of that State to go to the assistance of Pennsylvania. It is reported that the cause of this action on the part of Governor Parker is a disagreement between himself and Governor Curtin as to the conditions under which the men were to serve. Other reports assert that the step was taken in consequence of the New Jersey regiments being stigmatized as "Copperheads."

The general state of feeling in the North is described in the following extract from a letter of the *Times*' correspondent, dated New York, June 26:—

The objects of General Lee, in his advance into Maryland and Pennsylvania, are admitted by nearly every one, except a few philosophical optimists and Government contractors, to be nothing less than the capture of Washington. Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet, as well as General Hooker, share this opinion. Were Lee in command of the Federal and Hooker of the Confederate army, Washington would be considered safe. But with these Generals where they are, there is scarcely any person who devotes the least attention to the subject who is not of opinion that Washington is in imminent peril. The strange part of the business, so far as the public feeling of this great city is concerned, is that there is a very widespread and earnest wish that Lee may be successful. There has been a great revolution of sentiment among all classes. The tenet that the present administration has neither brains nor honesty, and is incompetent to conduct the war; that it cannot conquer the South; that the South will indubitably achieve its independence; and that it is better for all parties that it should do so without further bloodshed—has spread rapidly down from the upper into the lower strata of the people; or perhaps it should be said that it has spread

from the lower strata of the working classes upwards, until it has permeated the whole mass of society except the contractors, the preachers, and the newspaper editors. It is openly expressed in the ferry-boats and the omnibuses. It is discussed in hotel lobbies and reading-rooms. It is the pernicious gossip of the few exclusive clubs of an "uncinable" community. It is a common subject of remark when friends or acquaintances meet in the streets. It is the staple topic of conversation in private society, and appears to be so deeply rooted and so universally diffused as to have bushed the blatant trumpeters of war, and welded the conflicting passions, interests, and convictions of a great people into the homogeneity of one weary, disgusted, and all but indignant prayer for "Peace."

OPERATIONS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

General Banks assaulted Port Hudson at daylight of the 14th ult., and at eleven o'clock on the same morning retreated to his intrenchments, having been disastrously repulsed at all points, with the loss of 700 to 1000 men. It was supposed that another assault would be made on the 19th ult., Colonel Dudley having volunteered to lead a storming column of 4000 picked men. The Confederates were reported to be concentrating in General Banks's rear to prevent his retreat to Baton Rouge.

Intelligence from Vicksburg to the 23rd ult. announces that preparations are being made for another assault upon that place. General Johnston had telegraphed to President Jefferson Davis upon the 22nd ult. that Kirby Smith had got possession of Milliken's Bend, above Vicksburg. The Confederates continued to receive supplies freely from De Soto, on the opposite bank of the Mississippi, which was fully protected by their batteries.

GENERAL NEWS.

It is asserted that the officers of the blockading squadron at Charleston have announced their intention to hereafter sink all blockade-runners instead of capturing them. The frauds committed in the prize courts, whereby the captors are deprived of their prize-money, are reported to be one cause of this determination. Several vessels that have been recently attempting to run the blockade of the South Carolina coast have been sunk by the broadsides of the Federal cruisers.

Colonel Saunders, recently sent by General Burnside upon a bridge-burning expedition into Eastern Tennessee, returned to Boston, Kentucky, on the 23rd. He reports that he destroyed three important bridges on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railways, and great quantities of stores; also, that he captured 500 prisoners, three pieces of artillery, 200 cases of ammunition, and 1000 stand of small arms.

The negro troops, under Colonel Montgomery, pillaged and burned the town of Darien, Georgia, on the 11th ult. Turpentine was poured upon the floors of the churches and other buildings, and they were then set on fire. Cattle were shot in the streets, and then left there. All the negroes were forced to go with the Federals at the point of the bayonet, and a negress who attempted to run from them was shot through the head and then carried on board their boats. The officers in command of the negroes are from the States of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

Governor Yates, of Illinois, has made an offer to Mr. Stanton to raise 10,000 troops in his State, to assist in repelling the Confederate invasion.

Richmond journals of the 20th announce that Mr. Vallandigham had run the blockade from Wilmington, on his way to Nassau, whence he will proceed either to New York or to Canada.

COMMODORE WILMOT'S VISIT TO THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

(Concluded from page 3.)

On the Saturday, six days after the English party's arrival at Abomey, the King saw them privately in his palace, and they gave him the presents brought up for the occasion. He was attended by six of his Privy Council, his most trusted friends; also by five of his principal wives. He would only receive the presents from Mr. Wilmot's hands. He gave him first the picture of the Queen, saying that her Majesty had sent this out to him as a mark of her friendship, and her wish to be on good terms with him. He took it in his hands and admired it very much. In this picture the Queen is represented in her coronation robes, with crown on her head and sceptre in her hand. The frame is very handsome, and the picture is a large one. After looking at it attentively, he asked many questions concerning the dress, and then said, "From henceforth the Queen of England and the King of Dahomey are one. The Queen is the greatest Sovereign in Europe and I am King of the blacks. I will hold the head of the kingdom of Dahomey, and you shall hold the tail." Mr. Wilmot then gave him a few small presents from himself, with which he was very much delighted, and grasped him warmly by the hand. His council participated in these feelings, and said, "At last good friends have met." Then commenced the delivery of the message which the Commodore thought it his duty to lay before the King. The first subject was the slave trade, on which he argued apparently at great length. He then gave the King an admonition about human sacrifices, and the threatened occupation of Abbeokuta, winding up with the suggestion of an Embassy, an extension of trade, and missionary schools. The King listened attentively to the message, and made several remarks during its delivery. The usual ceremony of drinking was not forgotten, and he accompanied Mr. Wilmot through the gates of the Palace far on the road to his quarters, amidst the cheers of the soldiers and people. They remained a month in Abomey after the delivery of this message, in consequence of the "customs" going on. Nothing could persuade the King to let them go until this was over, as he was most anxious that they should see everything and report it.

They saw the Royal treasures pass round in the interior of the palace, preceded by all the principal Ministers, Princes, and Chiefs, in their Court costume. The captains of the Amazons passed round in the same way. The costume worn, the different colours displayed according to etiquette, the ornaments of silver round the necks, with an occasional skull at the waist-belt of the Amazons, and the half-savage appearance of all, notwithstanding their good manners and modest behaviour, were peculiarly interesting. It was during the procession of the King's treasures that the "human sacrifices" came round, after the cowries, cloths, tobacco, and rum had passed, which were to be thrown to the people. A long string of live fowls on poles appeared, followed by goats in baskets, then by a bull, and, lastly, half a dozen men with hands and feet tied, and a cloth fastened in a peculiar way round the head.

A day or two after these processions the King appeared on the first platform; there were four of these platforms, two large and two small. His father never had more than two, but he endeavours to excel him in everything, and to do as much again as he did. If his father gave one sheep as a present, he gives two. The sides of all these platforms were covered with crimson and other coloured cloths, with curious devices and figures of alligators, elephants, and snakes; the large ones are in the form of a square, with a neat building of considerable size, also covered over, running along the whole extent of one side. The ascent was by a rough ladder covered over, and the platform itself was neatly floored with dried grass, and perfectly level. Dispersed all over this were chiefs under the King's umbrellas, sitting down; and at the further end from the entrance the King stood surrounded by a chosen few of his Amazons. In the centre of this side of the platform was a round tower, about thirty feet high, covered with cloths bearing similar devices as the other parts. This is a new idea of the King, and from the top of this tower the victims are thrown to the people below. When the King is ready he commences by throwing cowries to the people, in bundles as well as separately. The scramble begins, and the noise occasioned by the men fighting to catch these is very great. Thousands are assembled with nothing on but a waist-clout, and a small bag for the cowries. Sometimes they fight by companies, one company against the other, according to the King's fancy; and the leaders are mounted on the shoulders of their people. After the cowries, cloths are thrown, occasioning the greatest excitement. While this lasts, the King gives them to understand that if any man is killed nothing will be done to the man who is the cause of it, as all is supposed to be fair fighting with hands, no weapons being allowed. Then the chiefs are called, and cowries and cloths are given to them. The

King begins by throwing away everything himself; then his Amazons take it up for a short time, when the King renews the game, and finishes the sport, changing his position from one place to another along the front part of the platform. When all that the King intends throwing away for the day is expended, a short pause ensues, and, by-and-by, are seen inside the platform the poles with live fowls (all cocks) at the end of them, in procession towards the round tower. Three men mount to the top, and receive, one by one, all these poles, which are precipitated on the people beneath. A large hole has been prepared, and a rough block of wood ready, upon which the necks of the victims are laid, and their heads chopped off, the blood from the body being allowed to fall into the hole. After the fowls came the goats, then the bull, and, lastly, the men, who are tumbled down in the same way. All the blood is mixed together in the hole, and remains exposed with the block till night. The bodies of the men are dragged along by the feet, and maltreated on the way, by being beaten with sticks, hands, in some cases, cut off, and large pieces cut out of their bodies, which are held up. They are then taken to a deep pit and thrown in. The heads alone are preserved by being boiled, so that the skull may be seen in a state of great perfection. The heads of the human victims killed are first placed in baskets and exposed for a short time. This was carried on for two days. Mr. Wilmot would not witness the slaying of these men on the first day, as he was very close to them, and did not think it right to sanction by his presence such sacrifices. He therefore got up and went into a tent, and when all was over returned to his seat. One of the victims was saved:—"While sitting in the tent a messenger arrived, saying, 'The King calls you.' I went and stood under the platform where he was. Tens of thousands of people were assembled: not a word, not a whisper was heard. I saw one of the victims ready for slaughter on the platform, held by a narrow strip of white cloth under his arms. His face was expressive of the deepest alarm, and much of its blackness had disappeared: there was a whiteness about it most extraordinary. The King said, 'You have come here as my friend, have witnessed all my customs, and shared goodnaturedly in the distribution of my cowries and cloths. I love you as my friend, and you have shown that an Englishman, like you, can bear patience, and have sympathy with the black man. I now give you your share of the victims, and present you with this man, who henceforth belongs to you, to do as you like with him, to educate him, take him to England, or anything else you choose.' The poor fellow was then lowered down, and the white band placed in my hands. The expression of joy in his countenance cannot be described. It said, 'The bitterness of death, and such a death, is passed, and I cannot comprehend my position.' Not a sound escaped from his lips, but the eye told what the heart felt, and even the King himself participated in his joy. The chiefs and people cheered me as I passed through them with the late intended victim behind me."

The "customs" were concluded by a day of firing, when all the soldiers, under their different leaders, marched past the King in review order. The King danced with his Amazons, and invited the visitors to join. While the "customs" last the King does not transact any public business.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 16th of January, the King asked the Commodore to review his Life Guardsmen and women, and he then made him Colonel over the whole of them, about one thousand strong each—an honour for which the new Colonel had to pay dearly, according to the custom of the country. Speeches were made by the captains, who were introduced separately, the whole tenor of which was what they would do at Abbeokuta, and the number of heads that would fall to Mr. Wilmot's share. The following day, Saturday, the 17th, the King saw them in private, as before, and gave his answer to the message. He commenced by saying how glad he was that a messenger had been sent who, by his patience and forbearance, had shown himself a friend to the black man. He then entered into a long history of his country in the time of his ancestors, and stated how anxious his father was to be friends with the English. He said that for many years past (he did not know why) the English seemed to be hostile to him, and endeavoured to make all nations in Africa fight against him. He said that the slave trade had been carried on in his country for centuries, and that it was his great means of living and paying his people. He did not send slaves away in his own ships, but "white men" came to him for them, and was there any harm in his selling? We ought to prevent the "white men" from coming to him; if they did not come he would not sell. We had seen what a great deal he had to give away every year to his people who were dependent on him; and that this could not be done by selling palm-oil alone. If people came for palm-oil he would sell it to them; but he could not carry on his Government upon trade alone. If he gave up the slave trade, where was he to get money from? It was not his fault that he sold slaves, but those who made his fathers do it, and hence it became an institution of his country. He said, "I cannot stop it all at once: what will my people do?" And, besides this, I should be in danger of losing my life." Being asked how much money he would take to give it up, he replied, "No money will induce me to do so; I am not like the Kings of Lagos, Porto Novo, and Benin. There are only two Kings in Africa—Ahanzee and Dahomey; I am the King of all the blacks. Nothing will recompense me for the slave trade." He said there were plenty of blacks to sell, and plenty to remain, and that the price of a slave was 80 dollars, with 4 dollars custom on each. On most occasions he is paid before the slaves are taken away, but sometimes he risks the payment, and then he suffers by the capture of the slave-ship. He said, "I must go to Abbeokuta: we are enemies; they insulted my brother, and I must punish them. Let us alone; why interfere in black man's wars? We do not want 'white men' to fight against us; let every one go out of Abbeokuta, and see who will win. Let the 'white man' stand by and see which are the brave men!" He spoke strongly of Porto Novo, and said, "If my friends the English had sent to me, I would have broke Porto Novo for them." He promised faithfully to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah, and that his General should have strict orders to that effect. When asked about the Christians at Ishagga, he said, "Who knew they were Christians? The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dressed himself in clothes; it is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man, but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people. Why do they remain in a place when they know that I am coming? If they do so, I suppose they are taking up arms against me, and I am bound to treat them as enemies. If a musket-ball touches the white man at Abbeokuta am I to blame if they will not go away when they know I am coming?" Mr. Wilmot reasoned with him no longer on this subject, because he thought "his observations so thoroughly just and honest." The next subject was the "human sacrifices." He said, "You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once my head would be taken off tomorrow. These institutions cannot be stopped in the way you propose. By-and-by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly, not by threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way; by-and-by, by-and-by." As to the Embassy, he said he would send a Prince to England if Mr. Wilmot came again and gave him the Queen's answer to what he had stated. With regard to the schools at Whydah, the King said, "Any of the mulattoes may send their children."

After the interview, which lasted some time, the King made several presents—namely, for the Queen, a large umbrella, made of different coloured velvets, with the devices emblematic of their customs; a large carved stool, which no one but King are allowed to possess; a pipe-stick and bag; a bag made from the leather of the country, with a lion worked upon it; a very handsome country cloth, and a long stick ornamented with silver, which can only be carried by the King; also two girls, one about twelve, the other sixteen, very pretty and intelligent. These last were left by the Commodore at Whydah, in charge of the coloured missionary's wife there, until the wishes of her Majesty on the subject can be ascertained. The girls were taken at Ishagga, and seemed to be very interesting.

They found the population very scanty. After they had left Whydah every soldier in the place went on to Abomey to swell the numbers there. There was not a man to be seen on their return, none but women and children. On the whole, there are far more women than men—probably three to one—which may be the reason why the Kings of Dahomey, who are always at war, are obliged to raise and keep up the Amazons, or "women soldiers," to the extent that they do.

The Amazons are everything in this country. The King lives with them and amongst them; they are only to be found in the Royal palaces. When they go out to fetch water, which is every day and nearly all day, the one in the front (for all follow in single line) has a bell round her neck much like a sheep-bell in England, which she strikes whenever any person is seen approaching. Immediately the men run away in all directions and clear the road by which the Amazons are coming. They then wait till all have passed. The reason for this is, that if an accident were to happen to any one of these women, either by her falling down and breaking the water-jar on her head, or if the water-jar fell off her head, the unfortunate man who happened to be near at the time would be immediately seized, and either imprisoned for life or have his head taken off, as it would be supposed that he was the cause of the accident. No wonder, then, that they get out of the way as quickly as possible. The Commodore and his friends were always obliged to follow this custom, but women are not expected to avoid them in this manner. All day long the sound of this bell is heard, and people are seen flying away. The Amazons seemed to enjoy it, and laughed heartily when the men stepped aside to avoid them.

Whatever may be the object in thus keeping up such a large body of "women soldiers," there is no doubt that they are the mainstay of the kingdom. Mr. Wilmot put down the number at 5000; and besides these there are numerous women to attend upon them as servants. He saw 4000 under arms at Abomey, and there are more in other parts of the kingdom residing in the royal palaces. He thinks they are far superior to the men in everything—in appearance, in dress, in figure, in activity, in their performance as soldiers, and in bravery. Their numbers are kept up by young girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age being attached to each company, who learn their duties from them. They dance with them, sing with them, and live with them, but do not go to war with them until they have arrived at a certain age, and can handle a musket. These women seem to be fully aware of the authority they possess, which is seen in their bold and free manner, as well as by a certain swagger in their walk. Most of them are young, well-looking, and have not that ferocity in their expression of countenance which might be expected from their peculiar vocation.—*Athenaeum.*

NEW LIFE-BOATS.—On Monday some harbour trials were made in the Regent's Canal Dock, Limehouse, with two powerful life-boats 33 ft. long, and rowing ten oars double-banked, belonging to the National Life-boat Institution. They underwent their respective trials of self-righting and self-ejecting the water shipped in the most satisfactory manner, and to the evident gratification of Mr. Montague Gore, Captain De St. Croix, and a large number of persons: indeed, it was stated by the officers of the institution that they were two of the finest life-boats ever built for the society. They are to be stationed respectively at Tenby and at Lytham. The boat for the latter place is built of mahogany, and that for the former town of teak. The cost of the Lytham boat was presented to the institution by Mr. Thomas Clayton, of Wakefield; and the expense of the Tenby boat was defrayed by Mr. F. R. Magenis, of London. The Great Western and South Wales, and the London and North-Western Railway Companies readily gave, as usual, a free conveyance to the life-boats over their lines to their stations. The National Life-boat Institution has now 125 life-boats under its management. Since its formation it has, by its life-boats and other means, rescued upwards of 13,000 persons from shipwreck, and it has expended £75,000 on life-boat establishments, besides paying nearly £20,000 as rewards for courageous acts in saving life.

GENERAL WYSOCKI.

PENDING the results of the notes of the Western Powers to Russia on the Polish question, the national and insurgent chieftains must be in an uncertain and excited state. There is little if any cessation of hostilities on either side, and, while Russian troops are continually being circumvented and destroyed on one hand, the savage Mouravieff is doing his best to maintain the hangman's reputation which he has courted throughout Europe. Notwithstanding the frequent reverses of the insurgents, fresh bands are formed directly the old ones are dispersed, and the leaders who have been executed or murdered in cold blood are replaced by fresh chiefs. This constant change of leadership renders the accounts of the various actions difficult to follow, and it is frequently the case that names which were continually recurring in the reports of a month ago seem now to have fallen completely out of the national records.

One of the most active of those associated with the insurrection in its first strength was General Wysocki, whose portrait we publish this week, and it is mainly to his influence that many of the first successes are to be attributed. General Joseph Wysocki was born in Podolia, in 1809, and studied at the College of Krzemievic. In 1828 he entered the army of the kingdom, where he obtained a lieutenancy of artillery, and during the War of Independence was attached to the corps of Skrzyniecki, and attained the cross "virtuti militari."

At the close of the war Wysocki emigrated to France, and was employed at the cannon-foundry of Toulouse, and afterwards at the Ecole d'Application at Metz, where he completed his military education. His theoretical abilities may be seen in his works published in Paris, but in the Polish language—"Précis de l'Art Militaire," 1842; and "Ordonnances d'Infanterie, de Cavalerie, d'Artillerie," 1845. It was while in France that he established a course of military instruction for his countrymen who sought safety in that country; and in 1846 he superintended the quarry-works at St. Cloud. Closely connected from its commencement with the Polish Democratic Society, he took the command in Galicia when the project of insurrection conceived in 1846 and 1847 was deferred.

The revolutionary movements in 1848 permitted him to return to Cracow, and he became the organiser and commander of the Polish Democratic legion in the service of Hungary, which was placed at first under the orders of General Damjanich, chief of the third battalion.

He took part, in conjunction with Klapka, in the battle of Hatvan, where Count Schlick was beaten on the 2nd of April, 1849, and had distinguished himself equally at Arad, where he repelled the assault attempted by Colonel Mariachi at Solnok. After the action of Comorn, on the 26th of April, 1849, he was named General, and commanded the ninth and tenth corps of the principal Hungarian army, with which he protected, till the last movement, the retreat of the insurrectional Government.

After several months' imprisonment at Kutaia, he obtained his liberty, and in 1852 visited England, returning to France in the following year. His last public act previous to the present revolution was a strenuous endeavour to form a Polish legion for the Turkish service.

Some of the Poles who were recently in the service of Turkey have now resigned their commissions, and have joined the insurgent ranks on the banks of the Pruth, where they will do great service, both by their numbers and experience, to the national cause. Wysocki has appeared at the head of a numerous body of men to conduct a regular invasion. Rochebrune also has reappeared in the same district with 800 men under his orders, so that this part of the country will soon become the theatre of important military events. Our large Engraving is taken from a sketch of the bivouac of the insurgents encamped in the forest, the "Zouaves to the death" of Rochebrune being conspicuous for the white crosses which appear upon their breasts. There is amongst the whole of the troops a spirit which seems to defy reverses, or, rather, which leads them to consider any condition of hardship preferable to the bondage to which their oppressors would make them subject. Every encounter of which we read, although conveyed to us only by a few words in some rapid telegram, has been a life and death struggle; and, whether in the field or bivouacking under the great pine-trees of the woods, the men are all determined to die before yielding. The latest news states that, acting in obedience to the orders of the Polish



BIVOUAC OF POLISH INSURGENTS IN A LITHUANIAN FOREST.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. LALEMAND.)

National Government, the cashier of the Warsaw post-office paid over to the latter a sum of 45,000 roubles, for which he forwarded a receipt to the Russian authorities. Adam Falkowski, a priest, was shot on the 30th ult., at Lida, by order of General Mouravieff.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

THE news of the taking of Puebla has been received in France with so much public satisfaction that there is little doubt the first report of the French army having entered Mexico will create unusual excitement, even in Paris. Already the details of the engagements which led to the present success are being eagerly read; and we are enabled to reproduce an Engraving of one of the principal battles, that of Atlisco; together with some account of it from the letter of an eyewitness.

On the 12th of April, during the siege of Puebla, Colonel Brincourt, commanding the 1st Regiment of Zouaves, at the head of a light column formed at Cholula, set out for Atlisco. The troops under his orders were a battalion of his own regiment, three squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique, a section of mountain artillery served by marines, a battalion of General Marquen's infantry, and 150 auxiliary horse, belonging to Colonel Lapena. These troops formed the convoy of a long train of mule-carriages and baggage-waggons, which were intended for conveying provisions and stores which had already been secured.

Atlisco, a town containing some 10,000 inhabitants, is situated on the route from Cholula to Matamoras, being at about an equal distance from each. It is a place of some importance, both on account of its abundant resources and its geographical position as the key of one of the richest of the Mexican valleys. This town was entered by the French troops on the evening of the 12th of April, after a sharp encounter of the Lapena lancers, who headed the column, with the band of the famous Carbaccal, who ultimately retreated to their own territory, with considerable loss, not only in guerrillas but in horses.

On the following morning it was rumoured that General Uruga, the successor to Comenfort, who had been defeated at Cholula, was approaching with considerable forces to the attack. Nothing transpired, however; and on the 14th a convoy, protected by a company of Zouaves and fifty horsemen of the Chasseurs, set out for a hacienda at two leagues' distance to seek for grain and cattle. Towards nine o'clock all the bells in the town began to ring the alarm, the people in the market-place dispersed, and the enemy was seen approaching.

A sentinel who had been posted on the rock commanding the town announced a considerable force in a southerly direction—the same as that taken by our convoy; and Colonel Brincourt, ascending

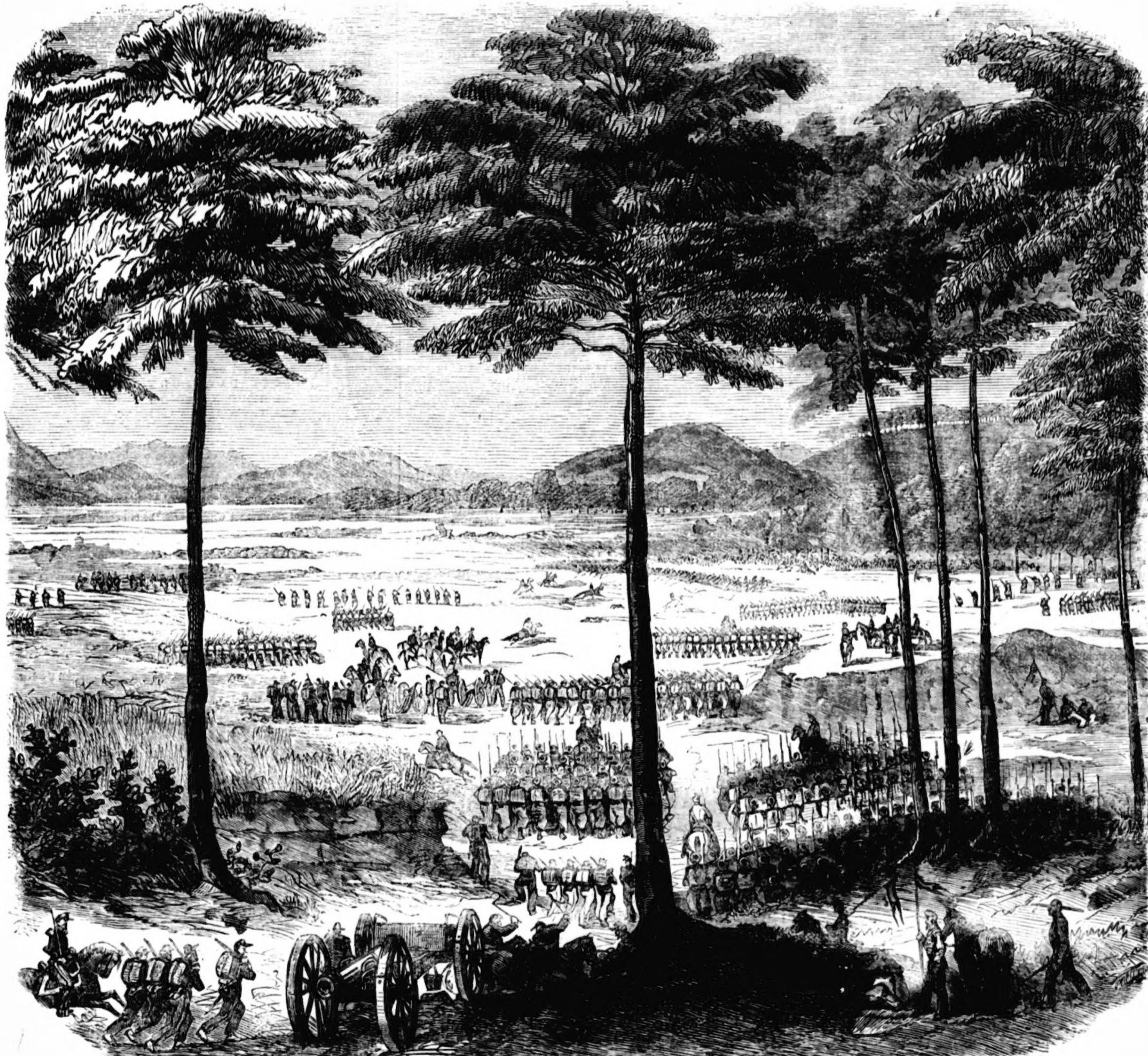


GENERAL WYSOCKY, LEADER OF A BAND OF POLISH INSURGENTS IN VOLHYNIA.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. KEU.)

to this spot, discovered that large bodies of cavalry and infantry occupied the plain. It was evident that General Uruga, being informed of the numerical inferiority of the French, had determined to attack the convoy, in the hope of drawing the troops from the town in their defence within the fire of his artillery. The situation was imminent, and Colonel Brincourt formed a rapid plan. Two squadrons of the 3rd Chasseurs d'Afrique and the 150 horse of Colonel Lapena dashed out on the left of the plain to engage the Mexican cavalry who menaced the convoy. In the centre the

Zouaves stretched in a column along the hedges, accompanied by two marine howitzers, which were placed in front of the bridge, so that the retreat of the fugitives might be cut off, and our guns harass their rear. The division of the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique, joining the Zouave skirmishers, prepared to charge on the infantry of the enemy if they attempted to leave their position, and the battalion of General Marquez remained to protect the communication with the town. Towards eleven o'clock, after a difficult march across water-courses and ditches, the column of the 3rd Chasseurs d'Afrique debouched upon the plain of Acacopan, and met the enemy at about 300 yards on the right, and in a minute or two saw the disposition of their antagonists, who consisted of the helmeted Lancers of Iturbide, the red regiments of Nuevo Leon, the guerrilleros of Carbaccal, formed in four great échelons, and waiting for the attack in silence.

Their position was well chosen, their left bearing upon a *barranca*, while their right was protected by a river fringed with trees, which separated them from their opponents, who would have to cross in single file and under a murderous fire, and at each step the moist earth allowed the horses to sink almost to the saddle flaps. A few skirmishers were at once thrown on the left of the Mexicans, and, under the protection of the cavalry of Lapena, the chasseurs effected their passage, man by man, in perfect order, but under a shower of bullets. The squadrons were then re-formed in échelons, three hundred to five hundred; the French troops charged the enemy with a fury which broke their squadrons at the first onslaught, and the mêlée was hidden by dense clouds of smoke. All over the plain the fight seemed to scatter in detached groups, the Mexicans using the lasso, and separating in the guerrilla fashion. Half an hour afterwards, however, they re-formed, and were once more charged, when Colonel Carillo, of the Iturbide Regiment, fell dead. The Paymaster, Don Manuel Gallegos, was made prisoner. The General of Cavalry, Porfirio Garcia di Leon, after having seen all his escort slain, was himself cut down, and the Mexicans, in full flight, were dispersed in the direction of the bridge, where they met with a terrible reception from the Zouaves. The howitzers crashed thirty-two rounds of grape amongst them, and the 1st Chasseurs pursued them to the gorge of San Miguel. After the battle the French went out to seek for their dead and wounded amongst the numbers of the foe who strewed the ground, and discovered that many of them had been dispatched by a lance or bullet after falling. In the evening the wounded and prisoners were carried to Atlisco; almost every chasseur carried a lance, and the regiment buried its dead in the cemetery of the town. The next day it was discovered that General Uruga had retired upon Chimalco, having lost 600 men at San Miguel.



THE FRENCH INVASION OF MEXICO.—THE BATTLE OF ATLISCO.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 219.

MR. ROEBUCK.

WE are embarrassed this week with too much matter for our space. We must therefore do as the theologians do in like cases—when facts turn up too large for their formula they contract the one and stretch the other; and this we must do, if need be. We will compress our matter and take a trifle more room. First, we must summon Mr. Roebuck before us, for he it was that inaugurated the debate upon America last week which awaits our notice. Mr. Roebuck is much changed. In person he is the same, except that age and infirmity have sharpened his features, thinned his hair, dimmed his eye, and made him less brisk and active in his movements than he was twenty years ago. But his intellectual powers are not what they were, and the peculiarities of his action in speaking and his temper have become exaggerated. These are the sad changes which everybody observes. His sentences are just as curt and short as they always were, his dramatic action is still more dramatic, his temper is more acid and fierce, but the intellectual power which he once showed is not there. His speech on this occasion was distressing. It was a grand opportunity if he could but have used it. There was ample room for the display of all the powers of an accomplished speaker. As a lawyer he might have defended the legality of recognition; as a logician he might have reasoned out its propriety. And there was fine scope for the declamatory powers of the orator. But, as we have said, Mr. Roebuck failed to use the opportunity—and failed evidently from the decay of his powers. The law of the case he scarcely touched; his reasoning was childish; his declamation, when he attempted it, was mere a explosion of unreasoning temper. The House, however, listened attentively; and occasionally a small burst of cheers from some of our wilder spirits greeted his angry diatribes. But the speech did not secure the approval even of those who are friendly to the views which Mr. Roebuck advocated—indeed, it was generally allowed that Mr. Roebuck had damaged the cause which he had taken upon himself to defend.

AMATEUR DIPLOMACY.

When Mr. Roebuck began the narrative of his expedition to Fontainebleau a dead silence fell upon the members, and all through the story the attention continued, except now and then, when a suppressed titter, threatening an explosion of laughter, ran through the house. We need not be surprised at the silence or the laughter. It was natural that the House should desire to hear the wonderful story; it was almost impossible that it should refrain from laughter when it remembered the scene and the actors of this notable drama. Fontainebleau has seen some strange sights in its day. Monaldeschi, the Secretary of Queen Christina of Sweden, was executed in the gallery of this palace; the great Condé died in one of its chambers; the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed here; and here it was that Napoleon the First abdicated his throne and took final leave of his Guards. But did Fontainebleau ever see a more curious sight than that of Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay marching up the grand staircase and into the Imperial audience-chamber—Mr. Roebuck, in the loose brown frock-coat which he always wears (unless, indeed, he had specially decked himself out for this notable occasion), and Mr. Lindsay, with his skipper-like waddle and his hands in his trousers' pockets, where they generally are? How the gorgeous flunkies must have stared at these two singular figures marched into the presence; but they would have stared more if they had known them as we know them, and had understood that these were two ambassadors, unaccredited, it is true, but still ambassadors after a sort, going to talk with their master about high matters of State. "Fancy," said a member as he passed out of the house, his countenance radiant with humour the while, "Lindsay and Roebuck in the audience-chamber at Fontainebleau! Roebuck in his loose frock leaning on his stick, and Lindsay on his bow legs, with his hands in his pockets, like a skipper on the deck of his ship. I wonder that some of the old portraits didn't jump out of the frames."

A MONTAGU.

When Roebuck sat down the members rose and took wing, for dinner-time had arrived, and Lord Robert Montagu was up. There were therefore two forces at once urging them away—the attractive force of dinner and the repulsive force of an unattractive speaker. For Lord Robert is not popular; and yet it is difficult to tell the reason why, for he spares no pains to prepare himself to speak well. He works hard, and gets up his speeches with great care. And, further, he has not a few of the natural qualifications of a speaker. He has a good presence, which is of itself no mean qualification, a good voice, and plenty of words at command. Still he is not attractive; and how is it? Well, we venture to think that the reason is this. It has come to be recognised that, with all Lord Robert's diligence in collecting facts and the labour which he undergoes in getting up his speeches, he wants intellectual power. He can collect the materials, but he has not the power to use them aright. He is a hodman, in short, and not an architect; a colour-grinder and not an artist. No wonder, then, that the members will not sacrifice their dinners to hear Lord Robert.

THE DEBATE Languishes.

The debate, which began with such vigour, now languished, and under the dull, prosy, dreary oratory of a Mr. Clifford (Clifford of the Isle of Wight, son of Sir Augustus, Usher of the Black Rod), who stood up for a quarter of an hour, there was a danger of the House fainting away: indeed, there would certainly have been a count-out if the Government whips had not kept their eyes upon the door and prudently held a reserve in hand. Gladstone followed Mr. Clifford, but even he failed to impart life to the debate.

MR. FORSTER.

By the time Mr. Gladstone had finished the House began to fill again; and when Mr. Forster, of Bradford, rose, there was a respectable attendance. Mr. Forster has conquered for himself a position in the house. It is not the highest. He does not rank amongst our orators. He will never contest the palm with his friend Mr. Bright, nor with Gladstone, nor Disraeli. But, then, he does not pretend to oratory, and has, indeed, few of the qualifications which are necessary to make what is called a powerful speaker. But he always commands attention, nevertheless; and for this reason: he is a clear, sagacious, practical thinker, and can utter his thoughts in plain, unvarnished language. He seldom calls forth cheers; but he always secures attention, and sets men thinking, which, on the whole, we take to be a greater triumph than that of gaining applause, and certainly far more to be desired than the conquest of loud laughter, which some whom we know so highly value. After saying all this, we need hardly add that Mr. Forster delivered a very useful speech. In the House of course we have men of all sorts. We have a few distinguished orators; we have sagacious, hard-headed debaters; we have a large number of fluent talkers, and we have a still larger number of men who never open their lips. Mr. Forster we place at the head of the debaters, and, if we cannot say that he adorns everything that he touches, we may certainly affirm that on every subject he discusses he throws additional light.

TRUE ORATORY.

Lord Robert Cecil's speech we pass by to come to Mr. Bright. "There's Bright up!" was the cry in the lobbies and the outer rooms; and straightway the wandering members scuttled into the house, as you see the fowls in a farmyard hurry to the barn door when the farmer appears, with sieve in hand, to throw to them their daily food. And every man inside settled himself down, anxious to listen to the great orator on this his pet subject. Mr. Bright began with Mr. Roebuck; and what a scathing he administered to the member for Sheffield none can know but those who were present to hear and see. It was not invective, however, nor mere declamatory abuse. He did not use hard words, nor did he seem to be in the slightest degree vindictive. The weapons of the honourable member for Birmingham were facts well handled, handled as no one but he can handle facts. And as, one by one, these terrible facts fell upon poor Roebuck's head, you almost felt pity for the assailed, and an inclination to implore the assailant to have mercy. And how the House cheered and laughed! There are few members of

any position in the House who have not felt the power of Roebuck's sharp attacks, and hence the general pleasure evinced at seeing him under retributory punishment. But in justice to the honourable member for Sheffield, it is right to say that he took his punishment well and patiently. Once or twice he jumped up to correct Mr. Bright's quotations, but, on the whole, he was marvellously patient, and bore up bravely under the pitiless pelting of the storm. It is needless to say that this was a splendid speech. It had in it all the characteristics of true oratory—close reasoning, sarcasm, manly pathos, high-wrought declamation. Towards the close of the oration, when Mr. Bright was speaking in his loftiest manner, certain young Conservatives clustered at the bar, who had just retired from dinner, began to groan. The House at once, however, quashed by a burst of cheers this untimely and unseemly interruption; and the speaker closed his speech with a peroration which no one in the house but he could have conceived or delivered, and which few that heard it will soon forget. "I don't agree with your friend in anything," said an old Conservative to a Radical member; "but he is unquestionably the grandest speaker in the house." And this is our verdict.

THE GREAT STORM.

"I am afraid we behaved last night more like ruffians than English gentlemen," said a Conservative member, in reference to the row of the preceding evening about the purchase of the Exhibition building. This is strong language, but scarcely too strong, for that row exceeded in violence all the rows that we ever saw in the House of Commons. Words cannot describe it, no art can portray it. For half an hour we had a scene of lawless uproar, and confusion so wild and extravagant that it seemed for the time as if order never could be again restored. The occasion, as we have said, was the discussion upon the resolution proposed in Committee by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to buy the International Exhibition building. From the first the Committee was intensely excited against the bill upon this question, and it was obvious to all that whenever the division might take place, the Government would be defeated by a large majority. But the debate was carried on decently enough until the re-gathering of the members after dinner, and then the tempest broke forth; and so wild, and furious, and continuous was the storm that all authority was gone. Mr. Massey sat in his chair utterly powerless. The leaders on both sides lost all command over their followers; the Chancellor of the Exchequer poured out his eloquence in vain—he might as well have stood upon Beechey Head and spouted to an equinoctial gale; Disraeli, when he rose, was literally blown back into his seat. In short, the infuriated opponents of the measure would listen to no one who supported it, and only with impatience to those who opposed it. They had dined and, too obviously, had wine, and, confident in their strength, they determined to have a division. "What is the use of chattering? we have tried and condemned the measure, and nothing remains now but prompt execution." The row began, as usual, at the bar, where a mob of gentlemen had clustered, but it soon spread all over the house, and the scene then was unparalleled and indescribable. No election mob was ever more excited; cheers, groans, shrieks, mingled with all sorts of wild, indescribable noises, literally filled the house. As we have said, the chairman was quite powerless, so utterly powerless, indeed, that he did not attempt to exercise his authority, but sat in his chair and calmly waited till the storm should wear itself out.

TWO CURIOUS INCIDENTS.

And now let our readers note two curious incidents in this storm. First, the treatment which Disraeli met with. Usually when he rises all noise is quelled in an instant, and if any impatient Liberal utters a note of impatience an indignant cheer from the Opposition puts down the offender in an instant; but, on this occasion, even the great leader of her Majesty's Opposition could not get a hearing; and, stranger still, his own party was the most prominent and fierce in putting him down. Is not this an incident worth noting? Nearly thirty years ago Disraeli confronted an angry House, and then he uttered this defiant prophecy—"The time is coming when you will hear me." And the time soon came, and ever since, until this memorable night, the House has always been glad to hear him, and his party has always welcomed him with applause. What then? Is the beginning of the end of his reign come? We are no prophets, and therefore will not venture to say; but it was a strange incident, and there has been a good deal of whispering about it ever since. And here is another incident which, perhaps, is still more curious. After Disraeli had been blown back into his seat, Lord Robert Cecil rose, and begged a hearing for the Conservative chief. He did not mention Mr. Disraeli by name, but it was well known who he meant. And then Disraeli rose again, and for a short time the storm lulled; and though he was constantly interrupted, and cries were uttered which to his practised ear must have been anything but pleasant, he was heard for about five minutes. Now, if our readers will consider the position of these two men, they will see much meaning, perhaps, in this occurrence. One can fancy Disraeli's reflections upon the matter as his grey head lay upon his pillow that night. "What, then, has it come to this? I cannot get a hearing in the house except at the request of my bitterest foe." The dreams of the Conservative leader were, we should think, not pleasant that night.

"NO!"

All storms must end at last; and in about an hour from its commencement this one came to a stop, and Mr. Massey rose to put the question, and a division was called, and the Government was defeated by a majority of 166. But before passing on, let us notice two things: first, that shout of "No!" in answer to the chairman. Never was such a shout heard before. It was a hot night—the windows were open; otherwise, surely that explosion would have blown them out. Strangers in the lobby positively started, and for a time wondered what was the matter, and stared as if they expected to see the roof go off; and well they might, for really the shout was so loud that it resembled far more a volley from muskets than a noise from human lips. We really believe that it might have been heard at Charing-cross. Nor was the shout of applause when the numbers were given less loud. But we knew what that was; that was evidently a human cheer. But that blast of "Noes," as it echoed through the lobby and down the corridors, we shall never forget.

REBELLION.

Here, then, this row ended; and now Mr. Speaker is in the chair; and, as the fight to-night is over, the members will probably speed away. But no, they still hold to the house, and still cluster around the bar. What can this mean? On entering the house again we soon found what it meant. Lord Hartington rose to move the fortification vote—Sir James Elphinstone rose to prevent him; and then all the elements broke out again with as much violence as ever. Indeed, in this case there was not only noise but downright rebellion. The case was this:—Lord Hartington wished to bring on the vote, Sir James determined that it should be postponed; but, instead of waiting until the question had been fairly put, the gallant Baronet, when he saw the noble Lord rise, jumped up too. Now, two members on their legs at once is a flagrant breach of order; but, though the House roared out "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" Sir James kept his place, and stood up as bravely against the storm, in that quarter-deck attitude of his, as if he had been standing upon the planks of his own ship. "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" "Down, down, down!" resounded on every side. "Order, order!" piped Mr. Speaker, and made signs also that the gallant Baronet should resume his seat; but the gallant Baronet wouldn't stir an inch. He seemed to have got into his sailor's noddle that if he sat down he should lose his chance, and, though the House raged before him like a surging sea, and the Speaker was beckoning to him, and his friends were pulling at him behind, there he stood, and there he persisted in standing. Once, indeed, his friends got him down, but as soon as they released their hold he was up again, like a jack-in-a-box. Whilst all this was going on the view from the gallery was really laughable. The roaring members; the obstinate, pertinacious rebel; the impotent Speaker, now up, making dumb-show gestures, now down, apparently in despair, made up a

scene which, as no pen can describe, we must leave our readers to conceive as well as they can. At last, however, Sir James seemed to awake to his position. Perhaps some kind friend behind impressed upon him that, if he did not wear ship, he would possibly run foul of the Serjeant-at-Arms, as he most certainly would have done if he had persisted much longer. So he gave way, and the row ended.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JULY 3.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

TESTS FOR UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

EARL RUSSELL presented a petition from certain heads of colleges at Oxford praying for the removal of the present subscriptions required for academic degrees. Entering into a lengthy review of the history of these subscriptions, his Lordship expressed his opinion that the statements in the petition might form the basis of a bill for doing away with these tests. While civil and religious liberty was progressing in Italy and elsewhere, he hoped no impediment would be put in its way in this country.

The Earl of DERBY analysed the petition, and contended that it was by no means worthy of the importance which had been attached to it.

An animated discussion followed, in which Earl Granville, Lord Harrowby, the Bishop of London, the Lord Chancellor, and the Bishop of Oxford took part. The subject then dropped.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE SUPPLY OF COTTON.

MR. CAIRD, on the motion for going into Committee of Supply, called attention to the question of the supply of cotton. He reviewed the sources whence we might expect to receive cotton; pointed out how vastly its growth was increasing in Egypt and in other countries up the Mediterranean; expressed his opinion that if the war in America were over there would be an immediate supply of cotton from that quarter; and then turned to the consideration of what had been done in India. With respect to this part of the subject, he contended that Sir Charles Wood had thrown every impediment in the way of growing cotton in that country. He concluded by moving for a Select Committee to consider what measures could be taken to increase the supply of cotton from India.

Mr. BAZLEY, while differing from Mr. Caird in respect to America, agreed with him that much might be done to promote the cultivation of cotton in India.

A very interesting debate followed, in which Mr. Smollett, Mr. Cobden, Sir C. Wood, Mr. Bright, and other members took part.

MONDAY, JULY 6.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

PROTECTION OF THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

Lord PORTMAN expressed a hope that in the scheme about to be brought forward for the construction of fortifications some means would be taken for securing the better protection of the Bristol Channel.

Earl DE GREY AND RIPON stated that sites for the erection of forts in the Bristol Channel had already been purchased.

POLAND.

Earl GREY gave notice that, on Monday week, he would call attention to the affairs of Poland.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. ROEBUCK'S MOTION.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to a question from Mr. Roebuck, stated that he would be prepared to fix for Monday next the resumption of the adjourned debate on the motion for the recognition of the Confederate States, provided the House would consent to allow the Fortifications Bill to be introduced that evening, and the second reading of that measure to be taken on Thursday.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. Warner, said the Government had entered into no engagements which bound them to go to war on account of Poland if a war should arise on the subject between France and Russia.

THE EXHIBITION COMMISSION OF 1851.

Mr. AYRTON moved the following resolution:—"That, in the opinion of this House, the purchase money of the land at Kensington should be applied by the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851 towards discharging the liabilities of the commission; and that the commission should be determined, and the property now held by the commission be vested in the Crown, subject to any interests now existing therein, and to any charges thereon.

Mr. LOWE opposed the motion, which was rejected, on a division, by 165 votes to 42.

OUR RELATIONS WITH CHINA.

Lord NAAS then called attention to the policy of the Government in China. In the course of an able review of what had taken place in China during the last few years, his Lordship pointed out that the Government systematically violated the principles upon which it professed to guide its policy in regard to foreign nations. He believed that the policy which was being pursued would be equally disastrous whether it succeeded or failed. The best thing that could be done would be to recede from the present course as soon as possible.

After a few words from Sir H. Verney, Mr. LAYARD defended the policy of the Government, and contended that it was perfectly in keeping with the policy maintained in regard to other countries. Mr. Seymour-Fitzgerald, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Liddell, Colonel Sykes, and other hon. members continued the debate.

TUESDAY, JULY 7.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.

The House having gone into Committee on the Public Works (Manufacturing Districts) Bill,

The Earl of DERBY expressed his approval of the measure, as founded upon a right principle and calculated to afford considerable relief. There had already been a great diminution in the number of persons receiving relief, and during the past year, exclusive of £150,000 distributed in food and clothing in kind, the total money subscriptions amounted to £1,900,000. The sum at present in hand was £600,000, and £53,000 a month was expended in relief in addition to the assistance derived under the poor law.

After a few words from Earl GRANVILLE, the bill passed through Committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Fortifications Bill was brought in and read a first time.

THE BOARD OF WORKS.

Mr. B. COCHRANE called attention to the unsatisfactory state of the public buildings in the metropolis. This unsatisfactory condition, he contended, arose from the manner in which those public buildings were managed by the Board of Works, and he moved a resolution to the effect that a change in the mode of management was necessary.

Mr. COPPER denied that the Board of Works was responsible for the management, and defended the constitution of that board generally.

On a division, Mr. Cochrane's motion was lost by 116 votes to 24.

CHURCH RATES.

Lord G. CHURCHILL obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to the recovery of church rates.

THE RAJAH OF THE CARNATIC.

Sir F. KELLY was moving for a Select Committee to inquire into the claims of Azeez Jah to the title and dignity of Nawab of the Carnatic, when the House was counted out.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Poisoned Grain Prohibition Bill was read a second time, after some discussion.

Lord Raynham proposed the second reading of a bill for the better relief of casual poor in the metropolis. The bill was strongly opposed, and, after a lengthy discussion, was withdrawn.

Mr. Laird moved the second reading of the Anchors and Chain Cables Bill, the object of which is to provide for the proper testing of anchors and cables. There was a good deal of opposition to the bill, but finally, on a division, it was read a second time by 119 votes to 44.

THURSDAY, JULY 9.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Telegraphs Bill and the Passengers Act Amendment Bill were read a third time and passed. Several other bills were advanced a stage.

The New Zealand chiefs attended the House, and were accommodated with seats on each side of the bar.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FORTIFICATIONS (PROVISIONS FOR EXPENSES) BILL.

Lord PALMERSTON moved the second reading of this bill.

Sir F. SMITH moved, as an amendment, that no further expenditure be incurred for the present upon that part of the project for fortifications which was based on the assumption that an enemy might land in force and attempt to besiege Portsmouth and Plymouth, except on such works as were in a very advanced state of progress.

A long discussion theron ensued.

AMERICAN AGENTS are reported to have been busily engaged in South Staffordshire, hiring miners and puddlers to work in Pennsylvania.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

(In all cases to be paid in advance.)

Stamped Edition, to go free by post.

Three Months, 4s. 4d.; Six Months, 8s. 8d.; Twelve Months, 17s. 4d.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to THOMAS FOX, Strand Branch.

Four Stamps should be sent for Single Copies.

Office, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

ABOUT KENSINGTON.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been greeted with laughter, derisive cheers, and every Parliamentary expression of ridicule during a speech in the House of Commons. The fact is so extraordinary as to be almost astounding. The occasion, however, was that of a motion as to a vote of an enormous sum for the maintenance of the Great Exhibition building. The strong popular feeling upon this matter has therefore found at last a legitimate means of earnest demonstration.

We cannot, nevertheless, find much fault with Mr. Gladstone, who appears to have been a victim to the exigencies of his position. Indeed, he admitted as much by declaring that in his official capacity he was not to be supposed to have any taste. Such an intimation as this from the lips of one of the most gracefully-accomplished gentlemen of the nation is tantamount to an acknowledgment of the unwillingness with which he laboured for hours upon a cause which terminated in a signal Ministerial defeat.

There must be peculiar influences to impel a highminded, conscientious, and educated man to expose himself to a conflict of which we can scarcely imagine him not to have foreseen the result. That result we take to be an inevitable rebellion of popular feeling against the system on which our government in matters of art has for years past been carried on. That system has been, not once, twice, or even less than a thousand times, summarised in the one word "jobbery." A particular clique, coterie, or set, call it which you will (happily, our language is not so expressive of the idea as that of our neighbours), appears of late years to have assumed, with the vaguest of pretensions, the entire direction of the aesthetics of the nation. We find a few individuals of no specially artistic pretensions thrust forward as our acknowledged *arbitri elegantiarum*. What have these men and their like done that all England is to bow down to them and worship them as supreme authorities in all matters relating to the public refinement, and that they are to be selected as representatives of the art, taste, and genius of the age?

Such questions as these Englishmen are beginning to ask, finding ominous replies in a House of Commons hooting Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, in the Wellington catafalque (that hideous culmination of the art-education of Marlborough House), in the Brompton Boilers, in the scrubbed-out pictures and dearly-bought counterfeits of the National Gallery, in the worst Academy exhibition ever known, and in the scandalously non-fulfilled trust of poor Turner's magnificent bequest. The greatest of English pictures are hurried hither and thither until few know where to seek them, and, when they are found, present but canvas covered with faded, rotting pigments. Twenty years ago, the paintings entitled "Marriage à la Mode," the greatest work of our most intensely national painter, were as fresh and bright in colour as when they left the easel. From Trafalgar-square to Pall-mall, from Fulham to South Kensington, and thence possibly elsewhere, have these unlucky pictures travelled, exposed to gas, or covered by glass, submitted to a process of decay known to dealers as "sweating." Half England has watched these grand national pictures of life, costume, manners, and humanity perishing until they have become mere yellow and brown stains which few gentlemen of taste would care to purchase by the exchange of a series of "first state" contemporaneous engravings of the same subject.

What have our art directors done? What have they not done? Where now a glass greenhouse purchased by the profits of the Exhibition of 1851 encompasses a memorial of a nation's gratitude (which memorial the public may occasionally regard, to the accompaniment of a brass band, on payment of a shilling each) there was once, in the time of most of us, one of the most charming and select little art-collections in the whole world. There stood the mansion of Lady Blessington, crammed from basement to garret with the most exquisite of pictures, the most marvellous and fanciful of sketches. There stood the ivy-covered atelier of D'Orsay, full of those charming, unmatched equestrian sculptures of which he claimed the renown due to Thomas Nicholson. An entire generation of wits, warriors, poets, editors, artists, authors, and men of science and distinction from every quarter of the world, men whose names had filled history for half a century, had supplied memorials to Gore House. There we have now a glass shed with exotics, the Albert fountain, and the privilege of beholding on State occasions Cole, C.B., and Sir Wentworth Dilke in all their glory. The grand collection has gone to the Hebrew, and one mournful growth of ivy, still clinging to a dead wall, serves alone to mark where once stood the poor Count's studio.

FEDERAL VOLUNTEERING.—When the State of Pennsylvania applied to the President to resist the enemies of the State, the reply was that Pennsylvania must depend on her own resources. Consequently the Federal General (Couch) had to get together all the volunteers he could, under a pledge that they would only be required for one or three months at the utmost. The number of volunteers was very small, and most of them have taken every possible precaution to insure their discharge in thirty days, or when "the emergency" is over; so that six months now seems to be rather more than the maximum period for which men will enlist in any great force, and this only under pressure of invasion.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES was on Wednesday admitted a member of the Mercers' Company of the City of London.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA left London on Monday, on her return to Berlin.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has consented to become a member of the Royal and ancient Golf Club of St. Andrew.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS NAPOLEON have returned to Paris from their tour in Egypt.

THE ELDEST SON OF THE DUKE OF SOMERSET has been called to the House of Lords by the style and title of Baron Seymour.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN sailed from Liverpool for Melbourne, on a professional tour, on Monday afternoon, in the Black Ball liner Champion of the Seas.

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON COLONEL CRAWLEY is to take place at Chelsea Hospital in the first week in October.

MR. FREDERICK GOODALL was last week created a R.A.

THE HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, will, it is said, shortly become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Richard Elwyn.

OPERATIONS FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE GOLD-DUST AND COIN lost in the Royal Charter at Moelfra Bay are still carried on, and considerable quantities of the precious metal are obtained by washing the mud found around the wreck.

THE INHABITANTS OF FRANKFORT, in Germany, have sent 13,000lb. of linen and lint to the Federal Army.

A GENERAL EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS is to open at Brussels on the 1st of August and to close on the 30th of September. The works of living artists of all nations will be admitted.

UP TO THE PRESENT TIME 38 public and 112 local Acts have been passed in the present Session, which commenced on the 5th of February.

The *North British Review* is again about to change hands, Messrs. Clark having parted with their interest in it to Messrs. Edmondston and Douglas, by whom it will in future be published.

THE 5TH OF AUGUST is the day fixed for the opening of the Halifax Townhall, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales will be present.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has got about £40,000 towards his great scheme of raising £1,000,000 within the next ten years for building and endowing churches within his diocese. The Bishop himself has contributed the magnificent sum of £20,000, while the Marquis of Westminster has promised £10,000.

AT BOURGES, a few days ago, 145 pigeons were liberated to decide a wager. In less than nine hours these birds performed a distance of 150 leagues, or 375 miles—a speed which no French railway can equal.

AT A MEETING OF THE DUBLIN CORPORATION, held on Monday, Mr. Peter Paul McSwiney was unanimously elected Lord Mayor for the year 1864. Mr. McSwiney is a Roman Catholic, and part proprietor of one of the most extensive mercantile establishments in the city.

TWO OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, Orton Williams and W. G. Peter, were recently hung at Nashville, on suspicion of being spies.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF a prize having been offered in France for the invention of a substitute for albumen prepared from hens' eggs, an albumen equal in quality and much cheaper, has been discovered, which is made from frog's roe.

THE PARENTS OF THE LATE SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY, now residing in the town of Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, have received a communication that they will be granted a pension of, it is said, 2s. 6d. per day, dating from the period of their son's death.

THE NUMBER OF UNIVERSITIES in the kingdom of Italy is now nineteen; the total number of lyceums throughout the kingdom is eighty-seven, with 3896 pupils; the number of grammar-schools or gymnasiums is 230, with 14,281 pupils; the number of pupils in the elementary schools is 801,202—viz., 429,273 boys and 341,929 girls.

A WORKMAN recently dug up, in the Rue Lafayette, Paris, a pot containing 978 gold louis d'or for 24 livres each, bearing the effigies of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., the whole amounting to more than £3,000.

AT THE WEEKLY MEETING OF THE MANCHESTER RELIEF COMMITTEE, held on Monday, it was reported that the decrease in the number of the unemployed during that week was 3661, and that forty-seven local committees had suspended their operations in consequence of the disappearance of distress in their districts.

AMONG THE MANY RUMOURS relative to the American question is one to the effect that proposals of recognition have been made on behalf of the Southern States of America to the Spanish Government, and that those proposals are made with the cognizance and full sanction of the Emperor of the French.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been started, and promises to be very successful, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Sir G. C. Lewis in his native county of Radnor.

AT A GREAT AGRICULTURAL MEETING just held at Odense, the principal town of the island of Funen, of twenty silver medals nine have fallen to the share of Englishmen; of forty bronze medals they have taken five, and one has got "honourable mention."

MR. A. T. STEWART, of New York, has dispatched the brig Mary Edison with a cargo of corn for the poor Irish. She is to take back, free of cost to them, from 130 to 200 men and women between the ages of eighteen and thirty, who may desire to seek a new home.

A BOY WAS TENDING DONKEYS AT SOUTHWELL, when one of the animals knocked him down, knelt upon him, and worried him. A companion attempted to rescue the boy but failed; and before assistance arrived the donkey had inflicted frightful injuries on his keeper.

THE GOLDSMITH STATUE was last week set up in front of Trinity College, Dublin. The statue stands within the railings to the right of the entrance, and is at present placed upon a wooden structure as a model of what the stone pedestal will be when erected.

THE SITE MARKED OUT FOR THE TOWN OF AUGUSTA, in the State of Maine, is said to contain sixty square miles. Plenty of room to grow there. Wild bears are occasionally killed within the limits of some of the wards.

THE SUCCESSOR TO SIR JOSHUA JEBB, as Chairman of the Directors of Convict Prisons and Surveyor-General of Prisons, has already, it is rumoured, been selected in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, lately Comptroller-General of the Convict Department in Western Australia.

A REDUCTION to one half the charge made on letters to and from England is likely to be the first result from the deliberations of the Post Office conference now sitting at Paris; but a far more comprehensive arrangement is ultimately looked for in the fixing of a uniform rate for all international correspondence throughout Europe.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET has publicly intimated that there is no truth in a rumour which has lately been current that he was about to succeed Admiral Milne on the American station, and vacate his position as Secretary to the Admiralty and M.P. for Sandwich.

A WOMAN NAMED COLES, drowned herself and three of her children in the Kennet and Avon Canal, near Bath, on Monday. The family were in reduced circumstances, and this is believed to have preyed upon the poor woman's mind, and induced her to commit the rash act.

A DUEL recently took place, near Turin, between a Colonel Dezza and a Captain Fezzier, in which the first was killed and the second, it is believed, mortally wounded. They had agreed to fire six rounds with pistols at ten paces, and, in the event of none of the six rounds taking effect, to fight it out with sabres; but the sabres were not required.

THE INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL SOCIETY give the Hudson's Bay Company £1,500,000 for the capital stock of the company, amounting to £500,000. Sir Edmund Head, formerly Governor-General of Canada, is to be the governor, and Mr. C. M. Lampson, the most experienced merchant in London connected with the fur trade, deputy-governor, with six directors of high commercial repute.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE took place on Friday morning week in Liverpool. An extensive warehouse in Water-street, filled with cotton and grain, was discovered to be on fire, and, in spite of the efforts made to extinguish it, the premises were completely gutted. The destruction of property is estimated at £200,000. The cotton store is said to be worth £150,000. The building and its contents are but partially insured—it is said not more than £80,000.

A RAILWAY COLLISION took place at Wolverhampton on Tuesday by which about forty persons were injured, though, fortunately, none seriously, and it is not expected that any deaths will result.

THE NEW KING OF GREECE.—The following letter was addressed on the 11th ult. by King George I. to the National Assembly of Greece:—"Gentlemen,—Obedient to the dictates of my heart, I wish to accompany, by the personal testimony of my sentiments, the message by which the King of Denmark accepts for me the Crown which the Hellenic nation calls me to wear. I shall proceed to my new country with transport in order to prove to you that, from the present moment, I know no other duty than to live and die as a good Greek for the happiness and independence of the nation; and I am convinced, gentlemen, that with your aid, by the friendship of the Powers, and above all, by the assistance of God, the interests of the country, henceforth my own, will prosper to its advantage. I am happy and proud, gentlemen, to be able to salute you by the voice of those good and noble patriots who, named by your confidence, have come here, far from their country, to salute me as your King. They will tell you that they have found me full of sympathy for my new country, and that I ardently desire to be able soon to find myself in the midst of you. Accept me, gentlemen, with the same confidence that actuates my heart for you, and teach me to labour with you for the happiness of my fine country, which may God protect.—GEORGE I." This letter was conveyed to Athens by Admiral Canaris, M. Zalmias, and M. Grivas, members of the commission sent to Copenhagen to offer the Crown to the Prince.

THE "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS" APPEAL CASE.

We think it was Milton who said that attempting to crush a book was as dangerous as to stamp upon fireworks, the probability being that the book, like the fireworks, would rush up and fly into your face. The career of that famous volume, "Essays and Reviews," has somewhat verified this assertion, by whomsoever it was made. It was considered a dangerous book, and those who feared it most have been its greatest friends. By abusing it they made it famous, and by attempting to crush it they have made it popular and its authors a sort of martyrs and water. They have run it through we do not know how many editions, caused hundreds of people to buy and read the book who, but for them, might never have heard of its existence, and written a good century of essays in reply, the majority of which have probably been read only by their authors and by a limited number of printers' devils. Some of the essayists and reviewers were never heard of before; but they are all men of mark now, and especially those against whom proceedings have been taken in the ecclesiastical courts. Even Dr. Pusey has lost his popularity with the Oxford Undergraduates for attempting to drive Professor Jowett from his official position in the University; and the Revs. Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson have become as well known as, and certainly provoked more sympathy than, Archdeacon Denison himself, who, since he just escaped being kicked out of the Church for heterodoxy, seems to have had a feverish desire to kick all the heterodox out of the Church. Our illustration, on the following page, represents the Judicial Committee of Privy Council during an appeal to it by Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson against a decision of the Court of Arches, which sentenced them to a twelvemonth's suspension from their office as clergymen. Each of these gentlemen wrote an article in the offending volume—that by Mr. Wilson being entitled "The National Church;" that by Dr. Williams being a review of "Bunyan's Biblical Researches." Dr. Lushington, the Dean of Arches, proceedings having been adopted against their authors, found that both these articles contained matter antagonistic to the Church of England, and the penalty we have just mentioned was consequently imposed. Our Artist has sketched the Committee of Privy Council during the hearing of the appeal of Mr. Wilson against this decision.

However many persons may have read "Essays and Reviews," it is certain that there was no mighty rush to hear two of its authors defend their work; but on the first day, at least, the space allotted to spectators was well filled, and some notabilities were present, among them Mr. Heath, who has himself got into trouble for preaching what has been considered unsound doctrine, and had doubtless a fellow-feeling for the reverend appellants; and Mr. Monckton Milnes, who paid great attention to the proceedings at their beginning, and then, perhaps imagining himself to be in the House of Commons, fell into a delightfully sound and lengthened slumber. It was not to be wondered at, for the proceedings were anything but lively, and those who came with a desire to hear the result had plenty of time for sleep. As Mr. Wilson stood up to state his case and call for a revocation of Dr. Lushington's decision he must have felt that he had not a very encouraging audience to address. As he stood at the foot of the long table at which the committee sat, he had on his immediate right Lord Chelmsford, whose appearance was rather that of a sportsman than a theologian; next to him sat the Bishop of London, who has certainly said some liberal things about the "Essays and Reviews," but who is not likely to be accused of sympathising with their teaching; while on his Lordship's right sat the Archbishop of York, who has not only written an article but an entire volume of articles in refutation of the doctrines of the offending volume; and his nearest neighbour was the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has, doubtless, as little sympathy with the appellants as he has with Bishop Colenso. The occupants of the other side of the table might not appear so formidable. Four better-tempered gentlemen, to look at, are seldom seen together than Lord Kingsdown (who sat at the foot of the table, on Mr. Wilson's left), and Lord Cranworth, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Granville (who occupied the succeeding seats); but they had all a strictly orthodox appearance; and it was hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Wilson, when he rose, displayed much nervous excitement, if not fear and trembling. He probably envied the position of Dr. Williams, whose turn had not yet come, and who sat quietly among the spectators, with "spectacles on nose," and a lady on each side of him. It would be impossible to follow Mr. Wilson through his defensive argument, the main subjects of which affected his alleged denial of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures and the denial of everlasting punishment. The first appearance of the bulky manuscript from which he read must have appalled the Queen's Advocate (Sir Robert Phillimore), who appeared on the other side, and who sat a little to the rear of Mr. Wilson, on his right. But, besides the manuscript, the reverend gentleman had a little load of books behind him, under the care of a formidably bearded and whiskered clergyman, and the reading of the manuscript and of quotations from the book occupied him some three days. It would be a capital cure of cynicism in critics if, after attacking any work, they were compelled to listen to the author's defence of it; if, for instance, the assertion that a farce was not farcical were to involve the penalty of listening to the reading of a quarto volume endeavouring to prove that it was. It was the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, however, and not Mr. Ferrall, who prosecuted Mr. Wilson, or Dr. Lushington, who condemned him, who were doomed to listen to the essayist's defence of himself, and therefore upon them the lesson may be lost. The Queen's Advocate, who appeared for the respondent, was much more moderate in his occupation of the time of the Court, which, on Friday week, the arguments being concluded, took time to consider its judgment.

It is only thus far that Dr. Williams's case has likewise gone. He also conducted his own case, and criticised the grounds of his sentence as stated by Dr. Lushington—viz., 1st, That Dr. Williams's view of the inspiration of the Scriptures was contrary to the Articles of the Church; 2nd, That his opinion of the "propitiatory sacrifice of Christ" was erroneous; and, 3rd, That he denied the orthodox doctrine of justification by faith. Thus these gentlemen have not only published essays that are considered offensive to the Church, but their prosecution has led them to defend their writings by other essays that are at least forty times as long, and will therefore probably be considered about forty times as offensive. It is not yet known when judgment will be delivered.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.

THE meeting for rifle-shooting at Wimbledon is this year by far the most successful of any that has preceded it. The number of troops seeking to encamp on the ground is larger than can well be accommodated, and the most lively interest is exhibited in the proceedings. The meeting was nominally opened on Monday, when the Prince of Wales visited the ground, and made some excellent practice at most of the ranges. The regular shooting commenced on Tuesday, when, in a match between the three counties in which Liverpool, Bristol, and London are situated, Lancashire won and Gloucestershire was second, Middlesex losing that place by only one point. The firing for the Queen's prize began on Wednesday. The scoring was very fair. Unfortunately the firing was not unaccompanied by accidents. Three occurred on Tuesday, and two of rather a serious nature on Wednesday.

ADMIRAL DUPONT'S SHARE OF PRIZE-MONEY, in a year and a half, is said to amount to 200,000 dols.

THE AUSTRALIAN RIFLEMEN.—A short time ago a challenge was received in England from an Australian battalion of volunteers to shoot an equal number of volunteers in this country—the latter to be selected from the best shooting company of enrolled volunteers for the year ending 1862, the firing to take place at any range not being the range of the respective corps. This challenge was addressed to the Council of the National Rifle Association, and it appears that the best shooting company of volunteer rifles in England for the year 1862 was the No. 1 of the Nottingham Robin Hoods. This company had declared its readiness to accept the challenge, and an answer accepting the challenge has been sent to Australia. The contest will take place in September. The distances are 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, and 800 yards; five shots at each range. The shooting will take place at the same time in England and Australia—ten men from each corps.



THE "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS" APPEAL CASE.—THE REV. MR. WILSON ARGUING HIS OWN CASE BEFORE THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

THE FRUIT-WHARF AT STAMBUL.

If the accounts of the thousand and one tourists who have visited Constantinople have not served to vulgarise the tides of Eastern travel, they have at least had the effect of producing that familiarity which our countrymen declare is but the forerunner of contempt.

There is a sort of literature of the "patter" school which, stripping every sentimental or romantic association from the theme to which it

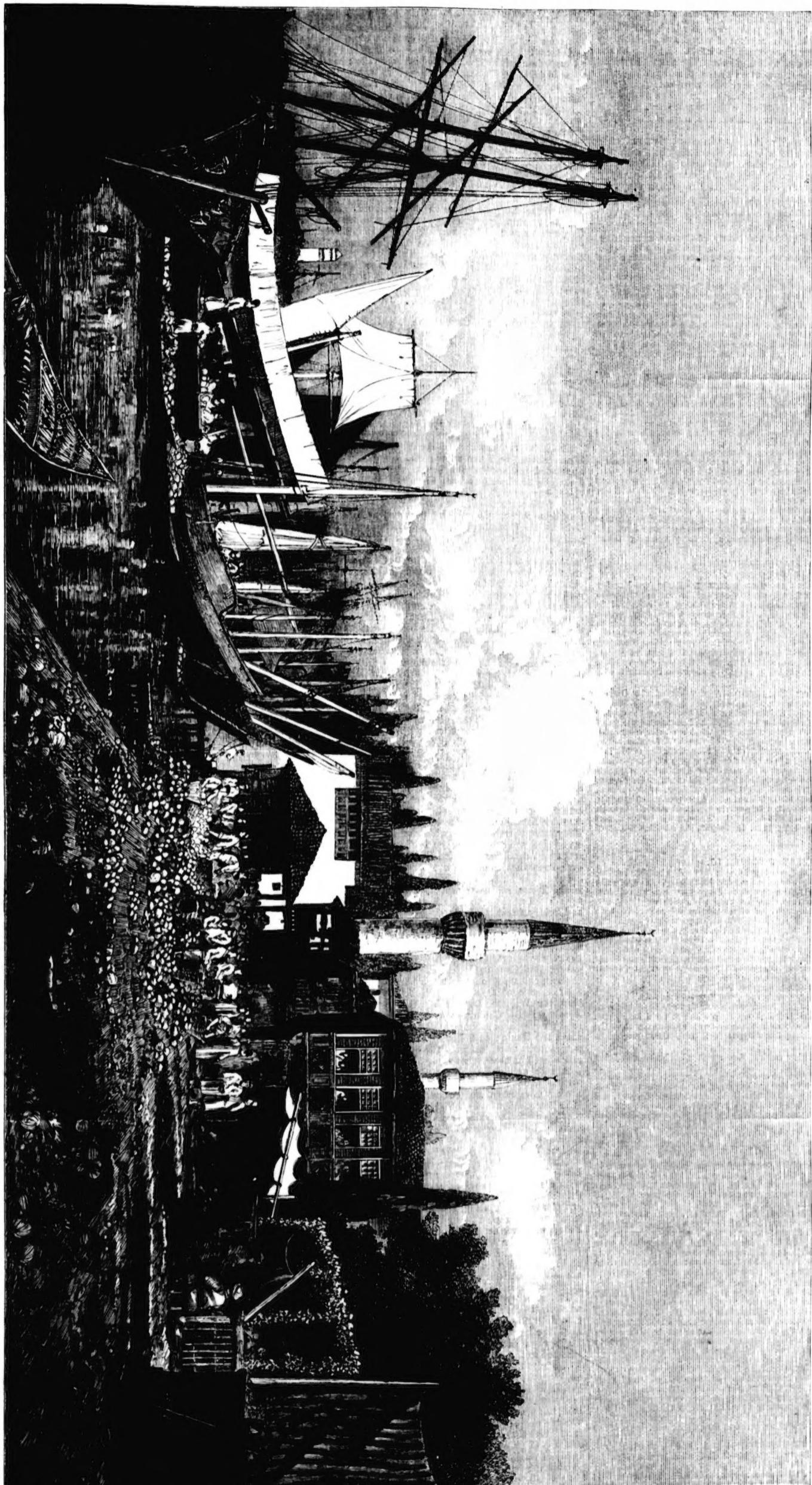
addresses itself, would leave nothing but the rags of an unreal realism to clothe the nakedness of first appreciation.

Travellers who have "done" books have sometimes fallen in to this style of writing, and have found it necessary to banish from the consideration of the reader a great deal which would most naturally strike him if he were amidst the scenes described, in order that they might display their calm indifference to ordinary "sentiment" and their genius for smart writing; nay, they have often dissected the picturesque in order that they might

present its elements to the reader in the form of mouldy old towers, bright red rags, or what not.

There are few places which have suffered more from this practice than Constantinople, since there is so much to be found there worthy of abuse and admiration, adapted to tell well in a rattling style of description. The Constantiople, and the picturesque aspect of the commonest street life.

Now, what travellers who write books often fail to do, artists succeed in doing to admiration, since they often catch the ordinary aspects of some scenes, and, reproducing them, faithfully preserve a true picture of it bazaars—and the gaunt and savage street-dogs are all capital subjects; but altogether.



FRUIT WHARF ON THE SHORE OF THE GOLDEN HORN.—(FROM A PICTURE BY G. H. ANDREWS, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.)

Mr. Andrews has done this good service in the picture from which our engraving is taken. It is a drawing exhibited in the gallery of the Water-colour Society. The Golden Horn is the most perfect natural harbour in the world, and the general view of Stamboul, Pera, Galata, and Topkapi, which surround it, one of the most beautiful scenes that can be imagined; yet the Turk has done nothing to improve the natural capabilities of the port, and it is entirely without docks, quays, jetties, or landing-places. There is not a single mooring-buoy, nor any other accommodation for a ship to make fast

to. A few old cannons lie half-buried on the banks, and to these the ships hang on as well as they can. Sometimes fifty vessels—sailing-ships and steamers of all nations and all sizes—are made fast to a single gun. Both shores of the Golden Horn are closely built over with wretched wooden buildings, which are warehouses, workshops, or dwelling-houses, as the case may be, all jumbled together. There is no esplanade or walk along the shore anywhere, and to get along the water-side is a work of the greatest difficulty. To do it one must pass through narrow passages, filthy alleys, and now and then along the water's edge up to one's

bones in filth and garbage. Here and there a clear space may be found when there is a landing-place for the produce brought down the Bosphorus. These spaces are piled, some with charcoal others with fruit, others again with skins of oxen, skewered and filled with tallow (these have come from the distant shores of the Black Sea); but everything lies about in a slovenly, filthy state, and the business is carried on in an inefficient manner. It is one of those landing-places that Mr. Andrews has represented in his picture—the one near the custom-house in Stamboul, where fruit is landed. The sketch was made during the grape and melon season, when ugly, baglike

boats come from the Bosphorus laden with melons and baskets of grapes. At this time melons lie about everywhere—in the streets and in the water—in every stage of decomposition. They are sold at an exceedingly low price. The grapes are equally abundant, and of excellent quality.

Speaking generally, the great attribute of Mr. Andrews's picture is the absence of exaggeration. The opportunity for a blaze of colour, for instance, was tempting enough; but he has dealt gently and lovingly with his brilliant tints, as a real artist should, so that where they come

naturally, as in that gay caïque in the foreground, they have no uncertain effect.

The way in which the artist has managed the light in his picture is admirable, since blue sky and almost bluer wave are so rendered as to indicate that still unchanging heat which has driven a gaily-dressed party to the shelter of the rooms on the wharf. There is a wonderful suggestion of coolness, too, in the great heap of light green melons and flushing pomegranates which have been discharged from the vessels, and several of which are bobbing up and down in the sparkling water round the boats. Looking at the profusion of fruit here, we can well understand the almost fabulous stories about Turkish melon-eaters, and imagine the eagerness with which those baskets now being filled with the enormous gourds will be expected in the hareems; how the delicate, thin, green rind of the smaller round fruit will be peeled off with silver knives, and how some bearded and turbaned believer will sit and munch his way to a dream of Paradise.

Our readers will remember Mr. Andrews in connection not only with this and other pictures of a similar character, but with the large engraving of the Port of London, which we published some time ago, the original drawing of which well illustrates the happy facility of the artist in reproducing scenes that require a very rare combination of truthfulness and taste.

IRELAND.

CRIME IN CAVAN.—The Assizes for the county of Cavan commenced on Saturday. The criminal business is very light, the number of cases on the calendar being very few in proportion to the extent and population of the county. Baron Deasy, who opened the commission, observed in his charge to the grand jury that it was gratifying to know that this state of the calendar was a fair indication of the general state of the county, and did not arise from the circumstance of there being any considerable amount of undetected crime. He had read the report of the Inspector of Constabulary, and it showed that since last Assizes the offences against the peace had not been numerous, and that the cases were very few indeed in which parties had not been made amenable. This state of things was highly creditable to the population of the county, more especially when they remembered that considerable pressure, owing to a succession of bad harvests, had been felt among the humbler classes.

DISCIPLINE AT THE CURRAGH CAMP.—A Dublin correspondent writes:—
“An incident occurred a few days ago at the Curragh camp which, though only whispered about as yet in an undertone, is likely to come soon prominently before the public, and to create a considerable amount of interest in military circles. It is to this effect:—A few days since Colonel_____, of the _____ Regiment, a confirmed martinet, it is said, observed one of the men walking across the square with dirty boots, for which offence he awarded the delinquent two days' confinement and some extra drill duty, these being the first offence and the first punishment of the soldier during a service of fifteen years' duration. On being liberated from confinement the man committed purposely some breach of the peace, which led to his being brought before the Colonel; and no sooner did he find himself in that officer's presence than, rushing at him, he struck him a heavy, well-directed blow in the face, and therewith stretched him, stunned and mortified, into the fireplace, for which serious crime he now awaits a court martial, which will disclose all the particulars of the affair. Threatening notice affecting the Colonel are, it is said, posted up all over the camp; his favourite dog has been mutilated, and other evidences of his unpopularity have turned up in forms more significant than agreeable to their object.”

THE PROVINCES.

CAPTURE OF A STURGEON IN THE MEDWAY.—Early on Monday morning, as George Jenkins, a fisherman, was engaged in his avocations in Linchouse Reach, a short distance below Rochester Bridge, he succeeded in capturing an unusually large sturgeon. The fish, which is one of the largest ever caught in an English river, was found to measure exactly seven feet in length, and weighed 170lb. The sturgeon, being what is termed a “Royal” fish, belongs by ancient charter to the Mayor of Rochester, and on receiving its Worship at once forwarded it as a present to the Prince of Wales. This is the second large sturgeon captured in the river Medway within a very short time, the last Royal fish being caught by the same fisherman who effected this capture.

OASTLER MONUMENT FOR BRADFORD.—A meeting of the Oastler Monument Committee was held in the artist's saloon of St. George's Hall, at Bradford, on Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of inspecting the models sent by various sculptors of designs for a statue of the late “Factory King.” Twelve designs had been sent, and the unanimous choice of the committee fell upon a design by Mr. Philip, the sculptor, of Vauxhall, London. The design is simple and effective. It consists of a full-length figure of the late Mr. Oastler, standing in an attitude familiar to those who were acquainted with him in the days of his advocacy of the ten-hour question. With his right arm slightly extended, he is fervently pleading the cause of the factory children, two of whom—a boy and a girl—are standing, with earnest, upturned gaze, on his left, while his left hand rests upon the shoulders of the boy. Mr. Philip received a commission to produce a colossal statue in bronze, after the model, the price of which will be £1000. The size will be 10 ft., and it will be placed upon a pedestal 11 ft. in height, the additional cost of which will be £200.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.

SUSSEX.—The prospects of the coming harvest have day by day become more favourable. The wheats are, as a rule, looking splendidly. The “blooming” has proceeded under the most favourable conditions, and appearances are such as to indicate that the crop will, with anything like auspicious weather during harvest, be of a superior character, both in quality and quantity. Oats and barley are both looking extremely well, and beans and peas have immensely improved. Little, if any, damage was done by the late rains, and we scarcely ever recollect a season when the grain crops were so entirely free from damage or standing more bold and level. Already there is on some of the wheats a tinge of colour, giving evidence of a tendency to ripen, and a few days more of the present splendid weather will suffice to impart to our fields the golden hue betokening the early approach of harvest. Considerable progress has been made in haymaking during the past week. A large breadth of grass has been cut and carried, and a few more days of hot sun and drying breezes will enable the hay to be gathered in first-rate condition. The hay crop will not be a heavy one, but the quality will be excellent; and there is every appearance that the “aftermath” will help to make up for whatever deficiency there may be in the first crop.

WEST OF ENGLAND.—Another week of fine weather has had a gratifying effect on the growing crops of corn and roots. The wheat is now in full ear, and is looking everything that can be desired, and, should seasonable weather continue for only a very few weeks longer, an abundant crop must be the result. Oats and barley are likewise looking strong and healthy, and only require fine weather to bring them to perfection. Peas are acknowledged on all sides to be as fine and promising as ever known, having up to this time escaped their usual enemy, the “dolphin.” Mangold and turnips are doing well, and, where the hoe has been used, are found to be growing very fast and strong. A great deal of hay has been carted, the bulk of it in good condition.

FRANCE.—The accounts received from various parts of France agree in the fact that the appearance of the crops is more promising than has been witnessed for a long time. The weather during the past week has been most favourable; and, if heavy and unseasonable rains do not stop the ripening of the corn, retard the harvest, or wet the grain when reaped, there is every certainty of a most abundant harvest. In the South of France the wheat is several weeks more forward than usual; and it has been already mentioned that bread has been made in Paris from this year's wheat, grown in the neighbourhood of Arles. About a month or six weeks ago complaints were heard of the want of rain. Rain came, however, at the very moment it was required. The moisture was timely, and not excess ve: it was sufficient to nourish the grain, and if no more falls the corn will necessarily be heavy.

HORS.—Maidstone: The bine still continues to grow; but there is a considerable increase of vermin. Honeydew is also making its appearance; but mould does not appear to spread. The present weather is very favourable for recovery. Canterbury: Last week's sunshine has caused the hops to make a steady progress, and the mid summer shoots look strong and healthy. In some grounds vermin are numerous, but as yet have done very little damage. Stripping is now being pursued in most plantations. Sussex: In a good many plantations in this county there was an increase of vermin last week; but a continuation of the present hot, sunny weather can hardly fail to do much towards ridding them of the pest. Should this prove to be the case, the appearance of the bine would warrant the anticipation of a full average crop. Worcester: The plantation favourable, the bine looking healthy and strong, and at present promising a fair average crop. The Continent: A letter from Nuremberg (Bavaria) states that, should fine weather continue, a small average crop of hops may be expected, sufficient for home consumption, leaving a little, perhaps, for exportation.

THE BLACK TROOPS AT FORT HUDSON.—A letter has been received in Liverpool from New Orleans in which it is stated that, in the battle in which so many negroes were killed, the negro corps were forced on to the conflict by the Federals at the point of the bayonet; that on their approach the Confederates reserved their fire till the unhappy blacks were close to the muzzles of the guns, which were then fired upon them with most destructive effect, and they were driven back with great loss. As they retreated they were met by the Federals and again forced back to the fight at the point of the bayonet.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

In 1860 a bill passed through Parliament authorising the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company to erect a bridge across Ludgate-hill. The plans and elevations of this bridge or viaduct were submitted to the civic authorities, and Lord Mayor Cubitt and Alderman Ross (now Lord Mayor) gave evidence before the House of Commons' Committee to the effect that the civic authorities unanimously approved of this bridge or viaduct. But now, in 1863, the said civic authorities oppose the erection of this bridge or viaduct, and have taken a very unusual step to deprive the company of the power to erect it. The step which they have taken is this—There is a bill before Parliament to enable the company to improve the access to the Victoria station, and on to this bill the civic authorities wish to tack a clause to take away from the company the power to erect the bridge. In short, the case is this: the civic authorities, having approved of the bridge and given evidence in favour of it, now turn round and say, If you do not let us insert this clause you shall not widen the approaches to the Victoria station. Now, the bridge may be objectionable; but anything more monstrous than this manoeuvre of the City authorities I think was never proposed to Parliament. To outsiders this change of opinion among the civic authorities seems unaccountable. Whence, they say, this new-born zeal to preserve Ludgate-hill from desecration? How came it that the very same parties approved a measure in 1860 which they scot now? Well, rumour says this is the cause. In 1860, said civic authorities were large shareholders in the Metropolitan Railway, and sanctioned the bridge because a junction of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway would improve the value of their shares; but since then they have sold their shares, and made money by the sale; and now they decry the bridge. Of course, I give this as a rumour only; it is right, however, to say that the rumour is generally current, and as generally believed. One fact, however, it is right to notice—Mr. Cubitt, the late Lord Mayor, has not been conspicuous in this opposition. Of course the House would not listen to the opposition on the second reading of the bill. The civic authorities have presented a petition in due form, and can be heard before Committee; it is not thought, however, that they will succeed. They had a chance of successfully opposing the erection of the bridge in 1860, but they did not oppose it; on the contrary, they sanctioned it; and it is not at all probable now that the works have been commenced and interests have been created, that a Parliamentary Committee will interpose to rectify their blunder, negligence, or something worse.

The Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons has given Mr. Steers notice to leave at the end of the Session, and has also appointed his successor. The power to dismiss and appoint is legally in the hands of Lord Charles Russell; but he, it is understood, has ceded it, *pro hac vice*, to the Kitchen Committee. This Committee want to enlarge the dining-room; but here, hitherto, it has been foiled. Indeed, by proposing this enlargement to Parliament, the Committee has raised in the house the question of the propriety of dismissing Mr. Steers; and when the enlargement came before the House on Wednesday, it was found that the dissatisfaction with Mr. Steers's management was not so general as the Committee made out. Sir John Pakington, Lord Galway, and others spoke in his favour; and, certainly, there is something to be said on both sides. Steers pleads the impossibility of supplying to their satisfaction some 100 members or more, who rush in all at once when, possibly, not a dozen were expected; and no doubt this is a real difficulty. He often expects a few, and gets a large number; whilst, on the other hand, frequently when he believes he shall have a large company, the House unexpectedly rises and he gets none. Under such circumstances it certainly must be very difficult to give satisfaction. But, *per contra*, the Kitchen Committee affirms that, whether there be many or few diners, the dinners are bad and the wines are worse. Well, at all events, if the wines be really bad there can be no excuse. I, being a “stranger,” can give no opinion about the cuisine in the members' room; but occasionally I have been forced to dine in the strangers' room, and all I can say is that I never dine there unless I am forced. The cookery is not good; the wine but so-so; the prices are high, and the arrangements are bad. By-the-by, why should not the reporters, Parliamentary agents, and others be consulted about the change? If the House provides a refreshment-room for strangers, it surely ought to see that the arrangements therein are satisfactory. It is understood, however, that the Kitchen Committee will not condescend to care for strangers. They must submit to take whatever is set before them, pay whatever prices are exacted, or go further afield. It is true, there is a room for refreshments behind the Reporters' Gallery. Report, however, says that there the accommodation is still worse than it is below. The fourth estate should agitate this matter. One leader in the *Times*, *suo moe*, would, I am persuaded, produce a great reform. Let then, the fourth estate leave off grumbling in private and boldly assert its rights.

A paragraph has appeared in a morning paper entitled “An Incident in the House of Commons,” which makes a great deal of fuss about nothing. It tells us that Sir William Dunbar left the house before the requisite forty members had assembled; that this is contrary to order; that Captain Gossett, Deputy Serjeant, on being apprised of the escape, went out to fetch the fugitive back; and that the Speaker enjoyed the affair. Well, the fact is, as I understand it, that Sir William Dunbar left the house, at the request of the Speaker, to tell Captain Gossett, who was in the inner lobby, to send for members in the committee-room upstairs to come down and make the House; and, having delivered the message to the Deputy Serjeant, he wandered into the outer lobby, when Captain Gossett reminded him that he must return. This was all.

A ride across Wimbledon Common a day or two before the week's shooting commenced has convinced me that, many as are the improvements and conveniences inaugurated by the National Rifle Association, none is more striking than the increased accommodation provided for the marksmen. Hitherto those unhappy men have had to lie or crouch behind iron shields, of beaten-out-pot-hook shape, which formed an efficient protection enough from the bullets, but which necessitated such cramped and uncomfortable attitudes as to be in themselves instruments of torture, like the Little-Ease of old. This year sees huts before each target, furnished with a seat, a glass window, and a string whereby to pull up the danger-signal without rising. The window looks on to the butt, and the butt only, so that there is little fear of the marksman's attention being distracted by irrelevant company or changing scene. The huts themselves are bullet-proof, are made of rods and earthwork, and are of the precise character, size, and shape which every juvenile architect aims at, who would play at robbers, or emulate Robinson Crusoe. If not taken down at the end of the week, what admirable winter-residences they will make for the tramps and gipsies of the neighbourhood!

Photography extends its field of usefulness daily. We hear of it as a strategical auxiliary, an aid to meteorological observations, and as a detective agent, and I now learn that the great contractors have the periodical reports of their engineers supplemented by a photograph of the state of the works. Thus, an eminent firm engaged in the formation of a railway in Algiers, receives a weekly letter from the chief of the staff, which letter contains a photograph showing the past week's progress. The letter refers to the photograph, and the photograph corroborates the letter. The capitalists see exactly how their money is being employed, and the professional man has the satisfaction of showing the extent of his labours, and the nature of his triumphs over difficulties. By these means inquisitive shareholders can be “posted up” to their heart's content, and one effect of this appliance of photography has been to largely increase public confidence in distant undertakings.

Walking eastwards along Russell-street, Covent-garden, you cannot fail to be struck with the pleasant freshness of the trees and shrubs ranged on the flat roof of that market-house which John, Duke of Bedford, was good enough to erect just thirty-three years ago. On arriving at the centre avenue thereof, you will see two flights of stone steps on the left and right hands respectively, with an inscription to the effect that they lead up to the Royal Bedford

Conservatories. Be satisfied with this information, and don't attempt to pursue your researches further. Above all, don't walk, as I was the other day, to mount to this flat roof, with a view of inspecting the shrubs and purchasing an aquarium. If you do, they'll pump on you. I pledge my veracity that I, the present writer, have suffered this indignity within the last ten days. For some years it has been my custom to visit the roof of Covent-garden, from time to time, and when I recommended it as an emporium for those funny glass dishes, by means of which we introduce newts, tadpoles, and water-beetles into our drawing-rooms, I cheerfully complied with a request made to me, and accompanied my friend the would-be purchaser. Having scaled the giddy height, and finding a certain green seat, which I have always looked upon as public property, piled up with glass vessels and green meat, we rested for a moment against the edge of a marble tank, and were immediately bespattered with cold water. A squirt in the centre of the tank had been made to play, and the result was a wetting for us. We moved away, and the squirt ceased; we returned to our original position, and it began again. A churl then yelled out that “the fountain”—save the mark!—“was very uncertain, and that the engineer” (a surly gardener) “might turn it on at any moment.” Feeling that we had committed a grave error in coming, and had violated some unwritten law, we retired weekly (of course, without having cared to mention our requirements), and I now name the matter here to save your readers from a similar disappointment. Why the roof of Covent-garden is made flat unless it be to walk on, why the shrubs are there unless to be looked at and bought, and why inoffensive customers are to be drenched with cold water for the amusement of a nurseryman's underlings, are questions for the Duke of Bedford's tenant, Mr. D. Green. I content myself with recording the unpleasant fact.

What is a physician entitled to charge for railway fare? The question is being agitated rather warmly, and a recent dispute between Dr. Vose, of Liverpool, and Sir Thomas Gladstone, Mr. Robertson Gladstone and Mr. A. Kelso, is much talked of, as well by medical men and in the select circles its particulars have reached. In July, 1862, a Mr. George Grant was taken ill in the Highlands, and Dr. Vose was summoned by telegraph from Liverpool to Aberdeen. The patient died, and his executors (the three gentlemen I have named) requested Dr. Vose to send in his claim for professional services. This amounted to two hundred and five guineas, being one hundred and eighty-six guineas for the journey (372 miles), and nineteen guineas for ordinary attendance. The executors consider this exorbitant, and, after some correspondence, a copy of which I have seen, close their accounts without paying Dr. Vose. The latter has no remedy, except appealing to his professional brethren as to the fairness of his charge. Like barristers, physicians are, by an absurd fiction, supposed to render their services gratuitously, and the result is that the question has no chance of being tried in a court of law. But, odd as it may sound to some ears, the faculty have declared that Dr. Vose has rather under than over charged for his journey; and it is broadly stated that, had the late Mr. Grant been a new instead of an old patient, the charge should not have been less than two thirds of a guinea a mile. It is true that the executors quote Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, as saying that twenty-five pounds per diem, and thirty pounds for a day and a night, is adequate remuneration for a leading physician's absence from home; but it is said that neither Professor Syme nor Dr. Simpson comply with the “custom” he quotes as that of the northern city. Dr. Latham is also quoted by the executors, but repudiates utterly backing up Dr. Vose's charges as moderate, as does Dr. Watson; and it would seem that the heir will have to pay the full amount unless he would be convicted of evading moral responsibility only because it cannot be legally enforced. Meanwhile, does not this discussion increase the horrors of an illness from home? and will you not determine (as I have done) that wherever may be one's place of sojourn, and whatever the nature of one's malady, for prudential reasons, local healing talent must suffice?

I see that Mdlle. Stella Collas owes most of her success to her having been taught by Mr. Ryder. This tuition has its disadvantages as well as its merits. The principal fault found with Mdlle. Collas' interpretation of Juliet is that it is too frivolous—too full of coquetry and *espèglerie*. Here is the fault of Mr. Ryder's teaching. Every one must recollect how light and airy, how gracefully volatile, was that eminent tragedian; and now he has imparted his frivolous style to his pupil.

The other day, in one of the houses of Parliament—I shall not say which—between two persons—I shall not say whom—I heard the following dialogue:—

Boodle: By-the-by, *Foode*, have you got a motto for your pamphlet yet?

Foode: No; I haven't thought of one.

Boodle: When I was at Harrow I wrote an essay on the character of — well, I forgot who it was; but I chose for a motto these words:—“Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.”

Foode: Capital! (clapping his hands and looking enraptured) that's excellent! Where did you get it from?

Boodle: Well, I don't remember; but I know it's from some celebrated author.

I suppose a person who had been unable to trace that bit of Othello's last speech to its place in Shakespeare would have been plucked by the Civil Service Commissioners? Very well! But I have to add, speaking with a perfect knowledge of the fact, that the particular *Boodle* who didn't remember the name of the “celebrated author” is one of the ablest men of business now going; with a keen, logical head, an accurate memory of tangible facts, and possessing altogether a mastery of detail which looks like magic.

In a printed circular, soliciting subscriptions towards the erection of a new Sunday-school in one of the suburbs, I have found the following bit of “writing”:—“Among the many changes which take place in the present age, none, perhaps, are greater, more sudden, or more frequent, than those of which railways are the instrument and moving cause. The South London branch of the Brighton Railway having entered this quiet suburban village, the old Baptist Chapel and Minister's house are required. *The men of iron have invaded the peaceful sanctuary, and where the Gospel of the Saviour once sounded the ponderous railway train will shortly come hissing and thundering along.* This is one of the changes.” No doubt the writer of this paragraph thought it a very successful bit of composition. What is more, perhaps it may be—for its purpose.

MR. ROEBUCK AND THE EMPEROR.—The *Moniteur* of the 5th inst. contains the following:—“Explanations have been rendered necessary by an occurrence which recently took place in the House of Commons. Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay visited Fontainebleau to engage the Emperor to take official steps at London for the recognition of the Southern States. The Emperor expressed his desire to see peace re-established in America, but observed that, England having declined his proposal of mediation the previous October, he did not think he could submit a new proposition without the certainty of its acceptance. His Majesty stated further that his Ambassador should, nevertheless, receive instructions to sound the English Cabinet upon the subject, giving it to understand that if England thought the recognition of the South likely to put an end to the war the Emperor was disposed to follow her in that course. These explanations will demonstrate that the Emperor has not attempted, as certain publications pretend, to influence the British Parliament by the medium of two of its members. All that took place was a frank interchange of opinions, in an interview which the Emperor saw no reason to refuse.”

MARSAL FOREY.—The Emperor Napoleon has rewarded General Forey for his services in Mexico, especially for the capture of Puebla, by appointing him a Marshal of the Empire. The new Marshal was born in Paris on the 10th of January, 1804. He entered the Military School of St. Cyr in 1822. He took part in the expedition to Algiers, and served with distinction in Africa until the 4th of November, 1844, when he returned to France with the rank of Colonel. He was made General of Brigade in 1848, and General of Division on the 22nd of December, 1852. Having been appointed to the command of the reserve of the army of the East, he was charged with the direction of the attacks of the left before Sebastopol until April, 1855, when he quitted the Crimea to return to France. Being afterwards appointed to the command of a division of the Army of Italy, he gained the battle of Montebello on the 20th of May, 1859, and greatly distinguished himself throughout the campaign. The Emperor, as a reward for his gallant conduct during the campaign of Italy, named him a senator by decree of the 16th of August, 1859.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 11.)

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Strensal found Lady Julia she was in process of adjudicating a disputed claim to the next waltz between Sydney Whitmarch and John Jarnwith. Nowadays when he met her in society, which was not very often, for he did not go out much, she did not expect him to do more than make a distant bow and pass on. But on this occasion, to her surprise, he came up to her, and she, for reasons which probably concerned the rival partners more than the last comer, received him with a gracious smile, and held out her hand. "Here is a just man and a magistrate; he shall decide between you," and she set forth the circumstances.

Strensal decided that neither claim was good, and she was free. Would she dance with himself? which was the truly impartial course. She rose immediately, the few first bars of the music having sounded.

"Here is one shell," said she, giving her fan to Whitmarch, "and here is the other," giving her bouquet to Jarnwith.

"There is no R in our month. We two poor boys must make a monument of these testaceous relics," said Whitmarch, laying the fan on the vacated chair and turning away. "Remember the grotto!" he added, in a mocking tone, over his shoulder.

Lady Julia did remember the grotto; but (not being familiar with the British manners and customs of the little vulgar boys who pile their shells and pester street passengers for commemorative coppers about the beginning and end of the oyster season) the grotto she remembered was the Triton's grotto; and the scene there enacted between herself and the young man who at that very moment was in the act of encircling her waist with his arm, rose vividly before her mind's eye. Strensal felt the sudden shock of alarm throb through her, and in the same instant her flashing glance of scrutiny gleamed into his eyes.

"Have you betrayed me, then?" she said; and as she said it the swimming music and their feet, obeying it mechanically, carried them away in the whirlpool of the waltz.

"Have you so little trust in my word as to think I should make a confidant of that coxcomb? You do me injustice, Lady Julia. I have been driven to the utmost of my powers of reticence to keep your secret safe against the urgent questionings of my dearest friend; and have all but flung away the friendship I most value in the world in order to keep to the letter a promise I gave you without thought of consequences. I supposed after what had passed our paths in life would have been kept as wide asunder as lay in our power."

"They are not very far apart to-night, and you cannot say it is quite my fault," said the siren, whose alarm had passed away; for the placed absolute reliance in any direct assertion of Strensal; and as she did not wish to give him an opening for reproaches she preferred to fight her battle with the sunshine rather than the storm. She felt angry, and with her the spontaneous emotions acted as warning to adopt the semblance of their opposites. "You have shunned me like poison," she continued, looking up with a soft, regretful tenderness in her eyes. "Do you really hate me?" And after a moment or two the deep, inquiring eyes drooped sadly down below their sable fringes of silken lashes, leaving the perfect orb'd eyelids pale in sorrowful eclipse of the lustre they veiled. Her partner's glance fell also, and lit upon a nest of fresh violets and ancient rose-point lace, which seemed to rise with as genuine a little plaintive sigh on as sweet and pure a breast as nature ever moulded in beautiful misrepresentation of the thoughts within; for nature has no law to forbid the venomous water-viper from writhing about the roots over which the lilies heave their creamy blossom.

The situation was trying, and, though Strensal had rushed into it with the best intentions, he found it extremely difficult to say anything harsh to a beautiful young lady at close quarters, with his arm round her waist and every movement of her supple frame linked with his own in the undulating pulse of the giddy whirl.

"Hate you? It is all I can do to help." But that was not what he came there and dashed into the thick of danger to say to her. "It is as well known to you as to myself, Lady Julia, that my heart was bound by your spells, and all but delivered over captive into your hands, when painful circumstances, whose cogency you acknowledged at the time, set my feelings and my judgment at discord. You asked me to bury the memory of those circumstances in silence, and I have done so. You know it is not from natural antipathy, but precisely the contrary, that I have abstained from approaching you. The exception I have made to-night is for a specific purpose. I wish to ask you this question. Is it generous, is it wise, to put my secrecy so severe and painful a strain as you are doing in the case of my most intimate friend, where my enforced silence itself is a confession of some hidden mystery? He is continually urging me to speak my mind about you, and pleading his serious passion for you and the obligations of my friendship for him as motives for clearing the mystery, whatever it may be, away. Anxious as I am to keep my faith with you, I find it most difficult to avoid his interpretations of a reserve which has never existed between us except in this instance."

"And what will your friend think of this sudden change? Do you see with what a clouded face he is watching us? He has never seen you waltz with me before—hardly ever seen you speak to me."

"He will think I love you, and that jealousy of him has at last driven me to make up some imagined misunderstanding with you. It was in his interest I felt bound to speak to you; and yet so completely does the false position I am in reverse all I can say or do, that he will consider me doubly his enemy, first, for disengaging from him that I love you, and now, after allowing him to entangle himself, breaking in between him and his chances."

"But you do not love me?" said Lady Julia, looking up with an expression of sweet perplexity. She did not know what awkward result might come of it all, but she could not help keenly enjoying Strensal's confusion and adding to it as far as in her lay.

"Love you? no! not with my mind and soul, at least; but I cannot tell him I don't."

"Why not? You never promised me to go on pretending you were in love with me; it might be an agreeable illusion, and, of course, I should be duly sensible of the compliment; but I cannot see that you are under any obligation of the kind."

"He said to me this very night there were but two alternatives—either I loved you, or I knew something to your disadvantage. I could not deny the one without leaving him to infer the other. I suppose you would not like to drive me to adopt that sort of base and narrow adherence to my promise which would leave only one little corner of darkness where the one possibility unspoken could be easily conjectured. Yet why I should be so scrupulous about my truth to you I can scarcely understand, when I am grossly deceiving my friend by deeds (which may lie as much as words) at this very moment."

"Upon my word, Mr. Strensal, I scarcely know what you would have. Do you ask me to give you leave to relate all you know of me to Mr. Jarnwith? Do you threaten to tell him all without my absolving you from your promise, in case I decline to give you such absolution? If that be so, I see very little use in consulting me in a matter where I have no choice. I had no claim to the forbearance which you generously assured me of. I have no guarantee but your word. If you repent of your generosity, and think yourself justified in breaking your word!"

"I ask you no such thing, and I threaten nothing of any sort or kind. I have given you my word, and I stand to it while there is breath in my body. What I ask you is not that I may divulge a word of your confidence, but that you should act towards my friend as if he knew all I know, and as if that knowledge had borne the same bitter fruit of disappointment and disillusion in his mind as in mine."

"In short, you bid me," said Lady Julia, smiling sweetly in his face, all the while, "you bid me treat him, in all respects, as I treat you, whom, knowing all you know, and, after you have shunned me and scorned me in full accordance with your righteous disapproval, I welcome with meek smiles and submissive words, and waltz with in preference to all competitors. I daresay he will be quite satisfied with such treatment, if you are only pleased to be satisfied too."

"If you allow his love to go on growing in a blind trust, which your conscience may, perhaps, tell you he would not repose, if his knowledge of you were what mine is, the same soft words, and the same bewitching smiles which glace off my armour, are barbs and feathers of deadly arrows to a breast unfenced with the cold iron of proof."

"You told me a moment ago his suspicions were aroused; that he pressed you with questions about me difficult to parry. Is he not capable of taking care of himself? And what do you know of me that justifies you in this interference? If I were a man; if he, instead of friend, were a sister; suppose I, a man of whom you knew (under the seal of male confidence which often cover strange specimens of morality, which men in their charity to their own sex call peccadilloes), all you know of me, loved that sister; would you feel bound in your straitlaced code to stand between us and say to me—'hands off! you are too deeply stained?' No; but you can afford to be stupendously sanctified in your standard of feminine purity. The strong make a tyrannous law for the weak, and balance it pleasantly with lax indulgence to the strong. And then, in their stupid egotism, they mistake their selfish usage for the rule of Heaven and Nature, before whom women and men are equal. I am not an immaculate paragon of ideal purity; but a creature of human flesh and blood. Is your friend such a stainless Galahad? I was weak enough to value your liking, and I tampered with truth to preserve it. Luck was against me, and my artifices fell to the ground. Do men not lie to women, and yet hold up their heads and drape themselves in shameless decorum with the wretched rag which goes by the name of honour among men? If it agrees with your honour to break the promise you gave me because it is inconvenient to keep it, you will do nothing beyond the scope of the average code, which holds as between man and man, but not between man and woman. As for your motive in volunteering to intermeddle in this affair—do not stop waltzing; I cannot speak without being overheard when we are standing still—as for your motive, it may be perfectly pure, whatever errors of taste, courtesy, and judgment it has prompted. Still, I may have been the unconscious marplot of some preordained family arrangement. It may be known in your domestic circle, better than to me, what is your friend's value as a matrimonial speculation. This I know, that your sister has set her heart upon him, and you may be adding the qualifications of a provident brother to those of a loyal friend. Now the music is nearly played out, and you may stop if you please."

These were not pleasant words for a gentleman to hear softly spoken over his shoulder into his private ear in the pleasantest murmuring tone of ordinary ballroom conversation. Lady Julia certainly had great command over her voice and countenance. There had been a glint or so of greenfire in her eyes while she uttered these amiable communications; but they issued from smiling lips as smoothly as a poisoned dagger might slide out of its sheath of crimson velvet sewn with pearls. "Thanks; that was indeed a charming vase," she said, with a radiant glance and a gracious inclination of her superb head, as her partner restored her to her place by the dowager, who also smiled benevolently on him.

"I was a fool," he said in his heart, bitterly, "to suppose it was worth while to appeal to that woman's conscience. She must have a curious confidence in mine, though, or she would not give me so little encouragement to keep her counsel. Well, I have said what I made up my mind I ought to say. Heaven knows whether it was right or not; at any rate, it was unpleasant enough to give one a sense of duty in facing it. Can that be true about Margaret?"

"Well, Edmund, you are a nice sort of fellow" said Jarnwith, laying his hand on his shoulder from behind, "has your pamphlet got into its second edition yet? Everything with you seems to go by such violent fits and starts, you are beyond all ordinary calculations. If you had told me you were coming here to cut me out, I would have waited and come with you to see you do it; or, if you were quite sure of success, I could have gone desperately home to bed or blown my brains out quietly. But, as I am here, perhaps you will let me know whether I am to congratulate you; for it is no use my going in if the thing is settled."

"Settled or not, you have no particular reason to congratulate me. I have advised you already, and I advise you again, do nothing rashly. If you cannot wait here patiently, follow her to Paris. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open. Take Gavroch into your counsel. He has not bad judgment in anybody else's case: and his own miserable entanglements will give you a wide field for the employment of the stock of prudence and circumspection which you seem to find it difficult to invest in your own affairs. Let your mission be to break off his liaison with the stepmother. In working that object out to the best of your abilities, you will incidentally have far better opportunities of becoming really acquainted with the stepdaughter than you would in a hundred years of mere lovemaking. There is nothing like collateral enterprise of some sort within a fascinating creature's domestic circle, if you want to know whether she is really the woman your fond imagination depicts her. Characters, like faces, should be seen in profile to be known. Front to front, you see nothing for the dazzle of the eyes."

"I don't want that sort of didactic stuff. If you have not been making an offer of your hand and heart, and giving her time to consider (which it looked decent like), that is all I want to get out of you. I never saw a fellow waltz with such a look of making a serious, earnest, uncomfortable sort of appeal. One or the other of you was talking every moment of the time; not fragments of small talk, but something consecutive. I can tell you I thought it was business. At first she seemed surprised and startled, then languishing and pathetic. Then she brightened, as if in explanation, and she ended with a glance of triumph. But she never gave you such looks as she now and then gives me. I tell you, Edmund, she loves me. It's too late for you to come back into the field now. You've hung fire too long. And it is not fair to a poor devil of a younger son to cut in again, when her heart is mine, and disturb her imagination with your forty thousand a year."

Lady Julia saw this conversation taking place in the distance, and it caused her some qualms of uneasiness. Why had she been so imprudent as to declare war with Strensal? Why had she yielded to the impulse of her vindictive humour? She hated him for all that cautious and persistent avoidance of her which she felt as a standing slight to the absolute power of her charms. The offence was that his love for her had not been strong enough to outbalance his discretion.

She had fancied at first that the ligaments of his prudence at length might have worn thin and snapped. It was the disappointment at finding that this was not the case which called forth the bitterness of her long rankling animosity, more than the interference which offered it a vent.

As long as the interference might be possibly attributed to jealousy, there was some tincture of flattery in it, which acted as the one drop of oil which keeps the water smooth. But when he spoke of his own breast being fenced in the cold iron of proof, her patience gave way and the vials of her wrath exploded.

But within a few minutes she had repented. It would have been so much wiser to have submitted and acquiesced. She wanted to gain time with Jarnwith. It might hereafter have been so easy to invent something to tell him Strensal had said on this occasion when it might subsequently suit her to account for a sudden interval of coolness in her manner to him.

Now, perhaps, it was too late. Strensal had made no reply to her taunts and base insinuations; but he could not fail to be highly indignant; and there he was, without a minute's reflection, saying who could tell what to Jarnwith, whose face showed signs of disquiet and annoyance.

We have seen that the words of caution he uttered tended more than usual to imply that there might be disagreeable features to discover in Julia's character. But Jarnwith, full of the idea that

his friend had relapsed into active rivalry, took them rather as a subterfuge; and, as Strensal did not feel at liberty to give this suggestion any positive denial, a gnawing suspicion remained in his mind that Julia might after all be playing fast and loose, and balancing her ambitious instincts against her love for him.

Thus, when they came into contact again after a few dances, there was doubt and uncertainty on both sides—materials ready to the hand of mutual misinterpretation; added to which Julia by this time inclined to think that, if Strensal had not already spoken out to his friend, it might be wise to take the example of the dutiful son in the parable, and in acts adopt the injunction against whose words she had begun by recalcitrating.

It was near the entrance of the conservatory, projecting over the portico of Lady Randelmore's spacious mansion, that Jarnwith supererved, as a third party, on Lady Julia and Lord Callowdown, a mild, bland, young Peer, with an eyeglass and a childish, consequential manner; great favourite of enlightened nations, and in all respects a most exemplary youth, who had just done dancing the lancers without a single mistake, and was inquiring with confidential tenderness whether she would prefer to go back to Lady Wolverstone or have some tea.

Lord Callowdown was suppressed and abolished without much difficulty or delay, and carried away with him an impression that Mr. Jarnwith was rather an abrupt person.

"Well," said Jarnwith, standing face to face with Julia in the conservatory, and seeming to imply that there was something in her expression which demanded speech to elucidate.

"Is 'well' all?"

"Nay, is all well? that is the question."

"What is the matter? Has he said anything?"

"Who? Edmund? Perhaps he has. That is what I want to have a little serious conversation with you about. I have something of importance—at any rate of vital importance to myself—to say to you. But first I should like to hear your account of your relations and communications with the man whom, rightly or wrongly, I have hitherto held to be my best friend, but who, it nevertheless appears possible, may prove my worst enemy."

"What has he done? What has he told you?" said Lady Julia, who had turned pale in spite of her efforts at self-possession. "I cannot answer an unheard accusation."

"Who has told you of any accusation, unless it be your own conscience?"

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than Jarnwith, whose jealous suspicions were now thoroughly aroused, felt he had made a mistake in showing Lady Julia that he "marked one" for her admission that there was some antecedent probability of an accusation. It showed her that he was fencing in the dark. But, as the suggestions of his imagination had pointed to Strensal discouraging him in his suit in a spirit of selfish rivalry instead of disinterested warning, his surprise at the admission prevented him from perceiving with sufficient rapidity that his inference should have been drawn silently, and the probability of an accusation taken for granted.

"Who has told me! your whole tone and bearing have been one accusation," she said, drawing herself up to the full height of her offended dignity. "May I ask you, Sir, by what right you venture to catechise me in this brusque and startling manner?"

"I have no right but the plea of desperate extremity which justifies starving men in asking for bread in a tone of too urgent entreaty to suit the ear of legal decorum. Doubt is to love what mortal pangs of famine are to life."

"You have never told me you loved me?"

"Then I tell you now; if three words can add any substance to a thousand proofs. I love you, as you know, a thousand times better than I can tell you. We neither of us belong to that purblind and torpid classification of dull, opaque humanity, which requires much telling in words. I do not ask you to tell me whether you love me in return. It would be an unnecessary insult to our mutual intelligence. I know you return my love. I ask you this. What is that cold shadow which stands between your love and your own soul? What is it makes you restrain and disguise the genuine voice of your own heart? You are above conventional fashions and forms of young-ladylike reserve. You know and have long known I am in earnest. You are held back by no uncertainty of my intentions, for the more seriously and unmistakably I have manifested them the more you have lately shown a disposition to repress and dissemble your feelings towards me. You have not succeeded in making me doubt that you love me. Nay, do not deny it! Hearts read hearts by a more reliable alphabet than mere words are made of. All in your breast that is sympathetic to mine is revealed by the magnetic rapport which sympathy cannot exist without establishing. But that which is unsympathetic, which is an obstruction to the mutual intuition I speak of, remains dark. This obstacle I feel and have lately felt negatively by its chill barrier thwarting the warm current of magnetic light between us, but it is not luminous to the eye or palpable to the touch. I cannot see its shape, I cannot feel its texture. Intuition is at fault to tell me more than that it is there. But when intuition ends, investigation begins. I had reason to believe that Edmund Strensal held a clue to this mystery. Your manner and words just now have confirmed what I had with some difficulty gathered from him. Till my love for you seemed to engender a simultaneous coolness and mistrust between us, I never had cause to doubt his friendly candour. If he has misled me, he will have a heavy account to square with me. But, between you and me, if we are to be all in all to each other, let there be no half and half mixtures of truth and dissimulation. If you value my love, clear away these dreadful doubts. Trust me! My love is wide enough and tenacious enough to stretch over all you would keep hidden. It is profound enough to drown all you would desire to forget in its un sounding depths of allowance and oblivion. Only trust me, and take away the screen of darkness from between us. Am I not yours, body and soul? Make my breast the repository of your troubles and trials, of your difficulties and misgivings. No human destiny is without its confusions, its cross lights, and its chaos of conflicting elements. Yours is a nature more than usually liable to the complex influences and intricate distractions of this motley life's strange mazes. Your swift intelligence and sensitive perceptions take the world's result with perilous rapidity. The circumstances of your youth have made you more self-dependent, more individually complete, than usually belongs to your sex and years. Your strength and your danger lie near each other. It is that, in your keen, shrewd comprehension of character, society, the world, you may lose that singleness of heart, that sweet and simple unity of faith, which make the true woman the keystone of a household. You love me better than you will ever love another man hereafter, and yet you are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some curious and brilliant electric phenomenon, and you were a scientific physiologist investigating its merits and capacities. This is a turning point in your life. Your true womanly instincts are mine. You are not inclosed within your love, like a saint unconsciously ensphered in the nimbus of her glory. You examine your love, and turn it about, and test its strength by experiment, as if it were some



HARIATA TUTAFUITI, WIFE OF HARE POMARE. HARE POMARE. PARATENE TU MANU. TAKEREI NGAWAKA. WIREMU TE WANA. HIRINI PAKIA. MR. JENKINS, INTERPRETER. HOROMAKA TE ATUA. KAMERIARA TE HAUTAKIRI WHAREPAPA. HAPIMANA NGAPIKO. REIHANA TAUKAUAI. HARIATA TE IRINGA, WIFE OF HIRINI. NGAHULA. KIHIRINI TE TUARU.

GROUP OF NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VERNON HEATH.)

"No, Sir," she said; "I have heard you to the end, and that is enough. If I had not been in some degree to blame I cannot suppose you could so lamentably have misconstrued me. It is from a sense of owing you some apology for having unconsciously misled your judgment that I endured to hear much I had rather have supposed you incapable of. You will repent what you have said, and you will have no opportunity of asking my forgiveness, so I forgive you in advance. And now, for the time to come, I bid you a sorrowful farewell. When we meet hereafter we shall meet, as we now part, strangers."

Without the slightest or most distant trace of recognition, with a perfectly blank countenance, from which all consciousness of his existence seemed erased, she swept past him into the crowded room,

and was the next moment dispensing smiles and lively badinage among a knot of rival admirers.

As she passed Strensal (on the arm of some fortunate youth who was leading her to the supper-room) she said, "I have thought better of it Mr. Strensal, and have taken your advice after all. Remember, you are responsible for the consequences."

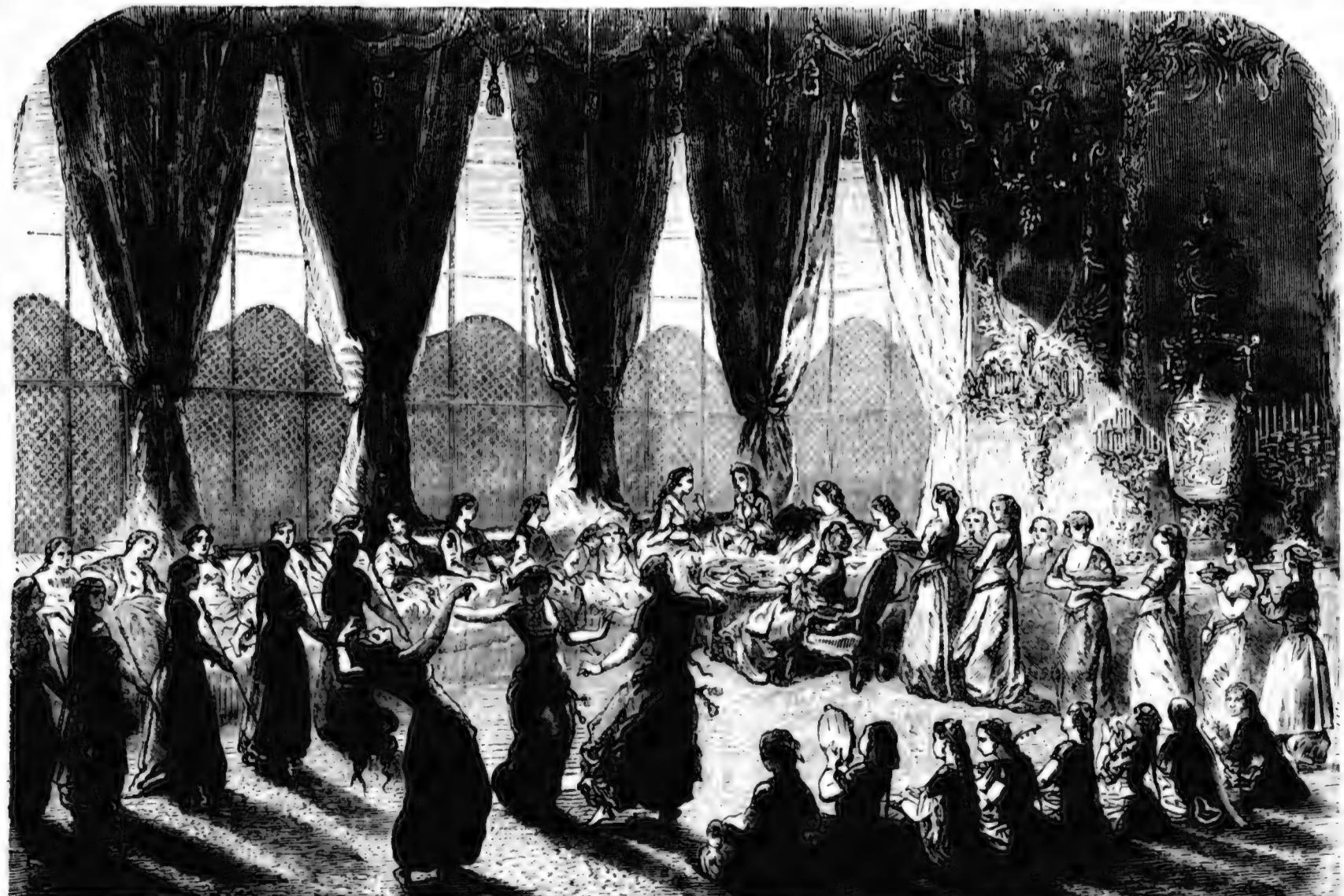
Jarawith saw in the distance the cheerful smile with which she addressed the passing words. He saw the surprise and relief in his cousin's face. He felt at that moment as if it would have been a source of intense satisfaction to strangle his best friend on the spot, and undergo the legal pains and penalties in such cases made and provided without waiting for the tedious formalities of trial by jury.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO THE HAREEM OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

THE reception of Princess Clotilde by the wife of the Viceroy of Egypt, during the visit of Prince Napoleon, has been attended by all those domestic festivities which, like other Egyptian institutions, are slow to change, and seem almost indigenous to the country. It is seldom that any very reliable account can be obtained of these occasions, since neither author nor artist is allowed to be present in the sacred precincts devoted to the women of the family.

It is true that the wives of the Egyptians pay visits, and are subject to very little restraint in their communications with their own sex; but they have still a certain portion of the house allotted



RECEPTION OF EUROPEAN LADIES IN THE HAREEM AT CAIRO OF ISMAIL PACHA, VICEROY OF EGYPT.—(FROM A SKETCH BY MADAME DE MONTAUL.)

to them, and the use of the veil is almost universal even amongst the poorest.

When a respectable woman is by any chance seen with her head or face uncovered by a man whose relationship does not entitle him to that privilege, she instantly draws her veil, and exclaims, "Oh, my misfortune!" or "Oh, my sorrow!" But it must be conceded that coquetry sometimes leads women accidentally to reveal their features, and a glimpse of a female's face is sometimes obtained through a lattice or at a house-top. It is, or was, the custom in small houses, where the ordinary rooms were closely adjoining the women's apartment, for male visitors to exclaim, as they went up stairs, "Destoir!" or "Ya! sa'tir!" ("Permission," or "Oh, protector"), in order to warn any female member of the household who might be in the way to conceal herself.

The law allows the Egyptian four wives, but yet polygamy is not very common amongst ordinary people; the ease with which divorce is obtained, however, is a very great evil, and produces constant unhappiness. There have been many instances of men who, in the course of ten years, have married twenty or thirty wives, and of women who, though not advanced in age, have been the wives of a dozen men successively.

It may easily be imagined that the life of the Egyptian women is artificial, and yet monotonous, most of their time being occupied either in the most frivolous amusements or in the dull, lethargic seclusion of the harem. When any festivity takes place in a private house the husband entertains his friends separately in another apartment, and it is usual for the wife to receive her guests during the six middle hours of the day (when, of course, no males except very young boys are admitted), and for the husband to give an evening party after prayers at sunset.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.

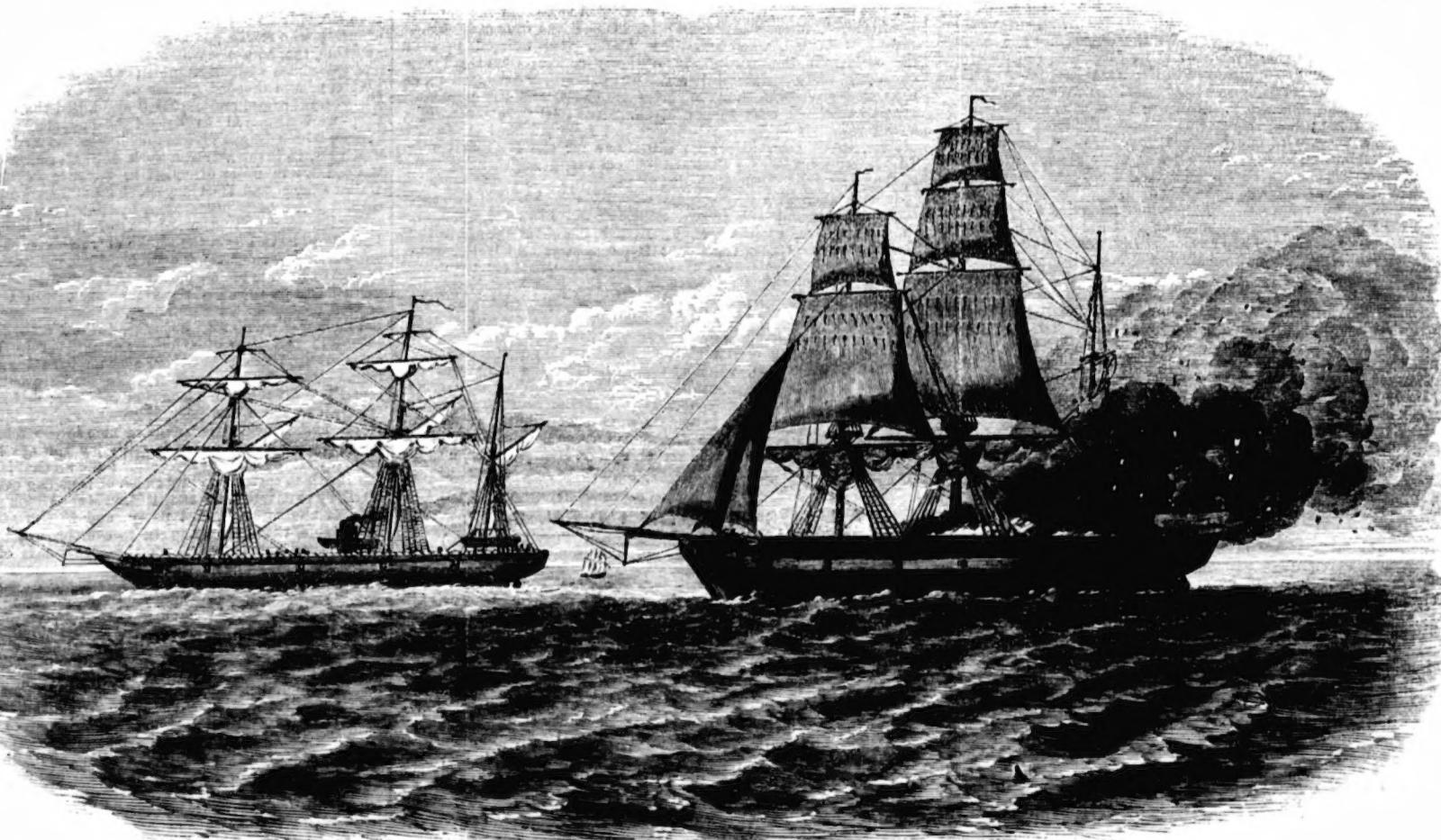


NO. 10.—THE ORIGIN OF GAROTTE.—(DRAWN BY CHARLES H. BENNETT.)

When the friends of both husband and wife assemble at one time, and the wife regales her own party in the hareem, almehs, or female singers, are often hired to amuse the company. They sit in one of the apartments of the hareem—generally at a window overlooking the court. The wooden lattice-work of the window, though too close to allow them to be seen by persons without, is sufficiently open to let them be distinctly heard by the male guests sitting in the court or in one of the apartments which look into it. Dancing-girls are also frequently hired to attend on the occasions of private festivities. They dance (with unveiled faces) before the men in the court; so that they may be seen also by the women from the windows of the hareem.

The ceremonies which mark the rare reception of European ladies to the hareem of the Viceroy has been graphically described by M. Montaut, whose wife paid such a visit of state, and preserved a record of it in the sketch from which our Engraving is taken.

"A large number of guards and domestics filled the courtyard of the palace as we approached; and, after having crossed the first block of building, devoted to the servants of the establishment, we traversed a sort of gallery which conducted us to the women's apartments, situated in the middle of the gardens. It was here that we entered the first gate of the hareem. Crouched in shade, or seated on the marble steps, a number of black slaves guarded the threshold of the palace. They raised the heavy screen which masked the entrance to the vestibule of the hall, which was of white marble; and here were seen a number of women of every variety of costume and complexion, wearing no veils. Another door admits us to a room, which may be called the throne-room—a vast and lofty apartment, bearing a close resemblance to



DESTRUCTION OF THE BARQUE CHARLES HILL BY THE CONFEDERATE WAR-STEAMER ALABAMA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY FOSTER.)

the State-rooms of European palace. This saloon formed along square, one side of which was occupied by ponderous glass doors looking out upon the garden. At the further end was placed a sort of throne; and the whole furniture, which was of rich Lyons silk, showed the invasion of Western customs. The floors too, were covered with carpets of Aubusson; and in front of the divan, which encircled the room, a few chairs and couches were placed for the comfort of the European visitors. The Vice-Queen was surrounded by the wives of Pachas and other dignitaries, who formed the Court. None of the ladies were very young, but they were all remarkable for that embonpoint which constitutes Oriental beauty. Some of them had been, and still were, remarkable for the fine regularity of their features, but few of them could boast of any expression save that of languid insignificance. The wife of the Viceroy was a striking exception to the rest in this particular. She was magnificently attired in full trousers of moire antique, striped with violet satin, and embroidered with gold; an open tunic of similar material swept downwards into a long train, and beneath this appeared a jacket of yellow velvet, bordered with ermine, and with long, narrow, open sleeves. This reached to the knee, and was confined at the waist by a cashmere scarf: a fine linen chemise, with open collar and a neat black satin cravat, completed the costume. Her headdress was composed of a fichu of black lace and gold, one point of which rested on the forehead and was fastened with a diamond brooch, while the two other corners were crossed at the back of the head, and confined by bouquets of diamonds.

After the usual compliments the Princess conducted us to our seats, and herself took possession of the throne, upon which (from the long habit of sitting on the divan) she presently drew up her feet. The attendants now brought in coffee on a salver covered with a crimson velvet napkin embroidered with gold and pearls; the coffee was in tiny porcelain cups placed on metal supports shaped like eggcups.

"After coffee the Princess was good enough to provide a concert for our amusement. We were first accommodated with long pipes, the bowls of which rested on little silver waiters in order to preserve the carpets, and when these were lighted the musicians entered. The orchestra, which of course included only women, was composed of several primitive instruments, a tambourine, a long flute, a strange-looking violin, or rather a stringed instrument which must have been the first parent of the violin, and a sort of lute or mandoline, such as those represented in medieval pictures. The performance consisted of music of the monotonous national character, but many of the voices were remarkably sweet in tone, although evidently uncultivated.

"During this amusement a good deal of chatting and light badinage was going on between the Princess and her Court, and, the coffee and pipes having several times been renewed, we were afterwards served with a complete collation, and the musicians prepared to accompany the exertions of three dancing girls who entered at this time. One of these, the Taglioni of the harem, wore at her waist a magnificent diamond brooch given her by the Pacha in a moment of enthusiastic admiration. Although the performance was, of course, more decorous than that of the ordinary public dancers, it consisted rather of graceful movements and rapid transitions than of any particular figure. The dancers accompanied themselves with castanets, which they used with extraordinary effect. The spectacle was amusing at first, but, like the concert, became a long and almost tiresome performance. The music, the dancing, the groups of slaves, and the rich costumes, united with the tobacco and the coffee, seemed to transport one into the world of the thousand and one nights; but the dream went out, rudely dissipated by the incongruous appearance of an English governess, who suddenly made her appearance, leading the little son of the Pacha. One cannot imagine a more extraordinary contrast than the tall, prim, and uncompromising lady, in the midst of the smoke, the noise, the violent and rapid action, the flying drapery, and the general disorder, which concluded this entertainment. We had already been for several hours in the harem, and, though we had been warned that Egyptian politeness demanded a long visit, we took leave under the impression that this demand had been adequately fulfilled."

NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS IN THEIR COSTUME AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The interesting group of which we this week give an illustration is an arrangement from carte de visite portraits, taken at the express command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Vernon Heath. Our engraving has had to be enlarged, but the portraits are faithfully rendered, and will give our readers a good idea of the higher class of the inhabitants of the fast-improving colony of New Zealand.

It appears that, some twelve years since, Mr. Jenkins, the interpreter for many years to the Colonial Government, conceived the idea of bringing a number of the native chiefs to this country, in order that the manners, customs, and commercial pursuits of the English might be better understood by the aborigines of New Zealand. Proposals were made by Mr. Jenkins, and apparently received with much pleasure by the friendly tribes. Time went on, until it was at last determined to make the attempt. The sanction of Sir George Grey, the Governor of the colony, was procured, and articles of agreement were arranged in the Maori language, by which the chiefs and four ladies agreed to place themselves under the care and control of the interpreter. These articles were signed on both sides in Auckland; the party started on board the vessel Ida Ziegler, and, after a passage of one hundred days, reached the shores of England. Almost the first step taken on their arrival was to have the whole vaccinated—a very prudent course, considering that at the time of their arrival smallpox prevailed.

The first object visited prior to the party leaving the Grosvenor Hotel for a private residence was the Crystal Palace, with which the native chiefs were particularly struck. Invitations flew in from all quarters. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge very politely received them at the Horse Guards; the Mansion House entertained them as guests at a conversazione; tickets were sent from the War Office for a special inspection of Woolwich Arsenal; the Horticultural Society at Kensington politely forwarded tickets for the ceremonial of inaugurating the Exhibition Memorial. Here it was the chiefs had the first opportunity of seeing their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with whom they subsequently had an interview at Marlborough House; after which they partook of luncheon at the Duke of Newcastle's.

The Bank of England has been visited by them, and came in for a large share of wonder, particularly the immense quantity of gold in bars deposited in the vaults of the establishment. Some of the chiefs had an idea that they should be presented with a portion of the precious metal, as they imagined that her Majesty had the whole at her disposal.

Sir Roderick Murchison afterwards invited the party to a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society; and a visit was also paid to the British and Foreign Bible Society, by the Council of which the Chiefs were presented with copies, in the Maori language, of the Bible and Testament, handsomely bound. The Zoological Society have granted to the party the free use of their gardens during their sojourn in London. The London Musical Society likewise invited them to their conversazione in St. James's Hall. They were also invited to witness an opera at Her Majesty's Theatre.

At a visit to the Earl and Countess of Shafesbury, the Chiefs were informed seats would be granted them in the House of Lords to hear a debate. No doubt this will greatly interest and surprise them.

Making allowance for the particular type of feature pertaining to the natives of the Australian continent, these people are very fair specimens of the savage man. Their bodies are well-formed, strong, and athletic; and their countenances display a large degree of intelligence, which creates a very favourable idea of their mental capacity—a notion fully justified by the acuteness of perception and aptness to receive information they display on almost every subject brought under their notice. The chiefs are accompanied by four gentlemen, who have resided for many years in New Zealand, are

well acquainted with the peculiar habits of the natives, and are therefore competent for the task they in concert with Mr. Jenkins have undertaken, although it involves much trouble and not a little anxiety.

We may add that the party shown in our engraving are associated by family ties with some of the leading chiefs of Zealand, and have no connection with another party now performing in London under the title of Maori chiefs.

THE ORIGIN OF CAROTTE.

DR. DARWIN says (if he does not he ought to) that the first garrotter was a Bear; that Bruin is a lurker round corners, given to hugging his victims to death; that he growls; and, finally, when made prisoner, is too cunning to be taught anything but a few tricks. Making no doubt of this, the learned Professor informs us (at least he might if he liked) that

Once upon a time there was a great Bear whose name was Bruin, and he was a Robber. He would go up to people on a dark night and ask them the time, although he knew it to a minute; or the way, that he did not mean to take; or the riddle of "When is a Bear not a Bear?" But whether they told him the hour, or showed him the road, or guessed the riddle, it was all one to Bruin; for he ended by throwing his shaggy arms round their silly necks, squeezing every ounce of life out of their poor bodies, and eating them all up. At last people grew tired of being killed and eaten; at all events, those who were yet alive made up their minds to remain so if they could, with which intent they waited until Bruin had caught a very fat grocer, and was therefore likely to be suffering from a pain in his stomach, when they banded together, went out, and caught this old bear. They caught him, and brought him home muzzled; they chained him round the waist, and padlocked him to a strong post, thinking, vainly, that, after all, they might make a good fellow of him. But the most they could do was to teach him to dance a little and growl a good deal.

Now, time has gone on, and things have improved a little.

Science is a great invention,
Likewise gas, and also steam;

but the Bear is still a Bear for all that. He wears lace-up boots, it is true, and buys his coat in the New-cut, instead of growing it in the New Forest. He can swear now as well as growl; but he still lurks round corners, hugging people to death, or cracking them over the head with a bludgeon. He can't eat his prey all up, as of old, for his teeth are bad, but he takes care to steal their watches instead. I suppose we shall hear something about him when the long nights come round again; but now that the sun is shining so brightly, and there is no night to speak of, we may remember with pleasure, as we see it in the picture above that the watch and guard may prove nothing less than a padlock and chain in disguise, while the bludgeon may change into a convenient post whereto he may be fastened. If we can't make him dance, we may pretend to make him work, and perhaps he may learn himself a few more tricks by the time that he is let loose again.

C. H. B.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

THESE ships seem to be increasing both in audacity and numbers. In addition to the Alabama, which was the first to hoist the Confederate flag upon the ocean, we constantly hear of the performances of the Florida, the Georgia, and other vessels; and now the latest recruit to the Confederate fleet is a sailing-ship called the Tacony, which has been making sad havoc among the Yankee merchantmen, almost in sight of Federal ports. The ship Isaac Webb, from Liverpool, arrived at New York, reports that she was captured by the privateer Tacony, in lat. 40 deg. 35 min. north, long. 68 deg. 45 min. west, on the 20th ult. Owing to the great number of emigrants on board she was not destroyed, but released upon giving bonds to the amount of 10,000 dols. The Tacony placed on board the Isaac Webb the captain and crew of the Boston brig Umpire, captured and burnt on the 16th ult. in lat. 37 deg., long. 69 deg. 57 min. Three privateers—a steamer, a barque, and a schooner (one of which is probably the Tacony), are committing depredations at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy; and forty vessels are reported to have been destroyed in one week by a privateer steamer of Cape Sable.

The Northern shipowners, in despair of anything being done by the Government, are beginning to bestir themselves in order to check the operations of the Confederate cruisers, or "pirates," as the Northern newspapers prefer to call them. Contributions have been made by the Boston merchants and Board of Underwriters for the purpose of purchasing or chartering vessels to be sent in pursuit of the Tacony; and Secretary Welles has notified the contributors that he will arm, provision, and commission all such vessels upon application to Commodore Montgomery.

It is somewhat singular that, while the Federal cruisers are very active in the pursuit of real or alleged blockade runners, they never manage to come in contact with Captain Semmes and his colleagues. A short time since, for instance, a coal-laden British ship called the Castor anchored at Bahia, and proceeded to transfer her cargo to the Alabama, which was also in port. Objections were made by the American Consul, whereupon the Castor was ordered to send her coals into the market in ordinary course, where all who chose might buy. Meanwhile a Federal war ship arrived, which, on the Castor attempting to leave port, gave chase, and the merchantman was ordered back to her berth. The Alabama, meanwhile, coaled and stood out to sea; but was not followed by the Yankee cruiser, which reserved all her attentions for the English trader. Ill-natured people do say that the Federal vessel might have flown at the hawk and left the partridge alone.

In connection with this subject we may mention that two cases are reported in which an American ship of war has fired upon, and in one instance, at least, sunk, British merchant-vessels within British waters. One of these was the Margaret and Jessie, which had run the blockade from Charleston, and was fired upon and sunk within 300 yards of the shore of the island of Eleuthera, one of the Bahama group. The other ship is the Sirius, which was chased and fired upon even within sight of the harbour of Nassau. The Federal ship Rhode Island was the hero of both adventures, though in the case of the Margaret and Jessie her officers denied her name, and stated, when challenged, that the ship was the Savannah. These cases are likely to form the subject of a correspondence between Earl Russell and the American Secretary of State.

The illustration on the preceding page represents the capture of the ship Charles Hill by the Alabama on the 25th of March last. The engraving is made after a sketch by Mr. Henry Foster, a sailor on board the Alabama.

A LETTER FROM THE FEDERAL CAMP.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES, London.)

Head-quarters, 15th Army Corps, General Grant's Department, June 13.

SIR.—As a subscriber for nearly seven years past to your weekly paper, I hope you will pardon a few remarks I feel anxious to make. I am an Englishman by birth, education, and sympathies, although a residence of over seven years in this country has given birth in my mind to a great love and respect for the people and the free republican principles and institutions of this great and noble country.

For a long time after the breaking out of this unhappy war I remained a passive looker-on in the Northern States, being engaged as a commercial man; but the affairs of this war a year ago assumed such gigantic proportions that it became imperative on every man to be either for the North or the South. And, as I am for the Union for ever, I used all my efforts to this end and raised a company for the war, and from that time to this date have accompanied them; and to-day finds me in the rear of Vicksburg as Captain of a company of Union-loving men, who with me left their merchandise, farms, homes, wives, and families to endure the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life. Now to the object of my letter.

It is with the greatest pain and regret that I read every week in your

paper such unmistakable tokens of sympathy for the rebel cause and quotations of news from the conflicting parties which invariably give the reliability of the sources of your information. I do not for one moment expect you to change your tone from anything that I may say; but I feel satisfied you must be kept to give you a few actual facts, being an eyewitness to nearly all the principal operations in this department of the South and South-west. Having been through this whole campaign, and being an Englishman, I have no other interest than to see the cause of humanity and justice conquer and prosper. Whenever a battle has been fought between the contending parties, no matter how successful the Federals come out, I notice your paper records it universally as a rebel victory, unless, indeed, the whole rebel force engaged are taken prisoners.

In your Paper of May 23, just received by me, in an article headed "The Struggle in America," you ask, "How long this restless sacrifice of human life is to continue?" I answer for the North, "Until the stars and stripes float over every foot of American soil." Then the article goes on to ask, "For what purpose shall it continue, and what aim do the North hope to accomplish, and for what is this war to be perpetuated?" I answer again, "Until every rebel in arms against the best Government ever constituted shall surrender unconditionally and return to the Union." And in other parts of your paper you speak as if it were a foregone conclusion that the South can never be conquered, and that Europe must look forward to the establishment on the territory of the once United States of two great Republican Governments. This will be just as impossible as it would be for England to remain at peace with two Governments inside its borders. The great Mississippi River thoroughly unites in one common interest the north-western, south, and south-western Gulf States; and if secession from the Federal Government is admitted at all, this country (as Italy was for years) would become one continuation of internece war with half a dozen or more different Governments, and nothing but strife would ensue until one great party should predominate.

The Union-loving people of the North foresaw this threatened evil, and to avoid it, and bring about a reunion of these once United States, they gave up their sons, brothers, husbands, and treasure, and, if necessary, would continue this war for years to come, not expecting by any means to exterminate the South, but to gain, step by step, by superior power, the rebellious territory. And here let me say that within the past year a thousand miles, foot by foot, of the great Mississippi River has been opened. Fort after fort has been taken; and by the time this reaches you Vicksburg, which Grant's heroic army now thoroughly invests, and which will not be driven back, will be in the possession of the Federals, together with which will soon follow Port Hudson as a matter of course, which will open the Father of Rivers clear to the Gulf of Mexico.

This virtually gives to the Federals within one year the disputed States of Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, and the key to Texas and all the Gulf States. Did England's heroes ever achieve more than this in one year in their campaigns in India, the Crimea, or any other seat of war? And this has been done against formidable resistance, untold obstacles, and disadvantages which every invading army must necessarily meet with, and which have been met by the Federal army beyond comparison. But the ranks of the army, at least under Grant (if not the whole Federal army), are made up of men of intelligent minds, who fight for a purpose and with a will, and whose hearts and souls are in the cause, and therefore bear the severest trials with cheerfulness and fortitude. I know that your paper is not alone in its strong tokens of sympathy for the South, which grieves me still more, knowing as I do that England has always stood up for and sided with the right, irrespective of parties; and no one can help seeing that one of the first principles the Government of the South would establish would be the perpetuation of human slavery, which, with few or no opposing parties within such supposed Government, would assume the basest and vilest form. Is it not wrong to uphold in the least a party who would form a Government based upon these principles? Rather let the influence of the all-powerful press of England be hurled against it, and unite for its overthrow. The Northern mind has gradually come to see what a few good men have long since struggled and prayed for—a necessity for an end to this evil, and has aimed a blow at its head which by the time this war closes will effectively tear it up by the roots.

The army in Virginia has doubtless had many failures, but that does not by any means demonstrate that we must give up the struggle, but rather that we must renew our efforts with increased energy and vigour in other quarters. With the Mississippi River in our possession, what will become of the large army of General Lee, with an army its own size in front and the combined armies of the South-West occupying States in its rear, with a new army now raising, which can any moment be hurled upon General Lee's rear? From my own personal experience, as little destruction of life and property of citizens and non-combatants has been perpetrated as possible; and to my personal knowledge guards have been taken from our ranks to guard wealthy planters' homes and property who really gave their aid to the Southern Confederacy; and this, too, to protect them from depredations by rebel guerrillas, and this time without number; while afterwards these very same planters have headed parties of rebel soldiers and led them into the Federal camp, and captured and killed the Union soldiers before they were prepared to defend themselves. The destruction of cotton, which English papers denounce the Federal Government so much for, is invariably the work of rebel guerrillas, who devastate the country in every direction in advance of the marches of the Union troops, and then report, for public effect, that these devastations have been perpetrated by Union soldiers. Many times, on marching through the States of Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana, have I seen the smoke of cotton on the right and left of our advancing column; and in front of our advance-guard, almost in sight of these cotton-burnings, robbing bands of mounted rebel guerrillas have appeared; and the only cotton I could see was that of half-consumed bales in flames.

I have said thus much in justice to the North, although, doubtless, there are instances of atrocities committed by Union soldiers and officers. And where was there ever an invading army entirely free from this charge? But it remains for future history to show in its right light the true conduct of this war; and no one hopes for its speedy end more earnestly than the right-minded people of both North and South. Hundreds of men in the rebel States have told me that they would welcome with joy the old flag could they be assured of its permanent protection; and all that is required is time for the North to spread the protection of that flag over all the rebellious territory to ensure the reconstitution of the Union and destruction and ruin of the most corrupt party, and at the same time the most formidable, that ever conspired to overthrow a Government. Once more I beg you to reflect on the true issues of this war; and if these lines should be considered worth a place in your columns, you will oblige an old subscriber by their insertion.

Respectfully, your most obedient servant,

JOSEPH ROGERS,
Captain Fourth Company, 113th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry.
United States' Army.

[We publish the above letter from respect to the sincerity of the feeling which dictated it, although many of its statements, and all its prognostications, have either been falsified or, at least, not fulfilled. We may state that we have no sources of information other than those open to all the world—namely, the American newspapers; and these, too, principally published in the North. If we are wrong as to facts, the New York papers are mainly responsible.]

THE SUMTER.—On Saturday the screw steam-ship Gibraltar, formerly well known Confederate privateer Sumter, left the Mersey for Nassau, with a large and well-assorted cargo. Since her arrival in Liverpool the Sumter has undergone a complete overhaul, and her deck timbers have been materially strengthened. It is generally believed that the Gibraltar, upon her old occupation of looking after Federal merchantmen,

BATTLES OF ENGLAND. Showing the Causes, Conduct and Issue of every Battle since the Conquest. Compiled expressly for the Use of Schools, by G. SANDERSON, L.C.P. Price One Shilling. BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Bouvierie-street.

NOTICE.—THE SECOND EDITION of ROMOLA, by GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Scenes of Clerical Life," and "Silas Marner," 3 vols. post 8vo. will be ready TUESDAY, the 14th inst. SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

Now ready, with Six Portraits Engraved on Steel, 2 vols. 12mo. 8vo. £1.

QUEENS OF SONG: Being Memoirs of some of the most celebrated Female Vocalists who have appeared on the Lyric Stage from the earliest Days of Opera to the Present Time; to which is added, a Chronological List of all the Operas that have been performed in Europe. By ELLEN CREAMHORNE CLAYTON. SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

In a few days, with numerous Illustrations and a Map, royal 8vo. **ICELAND:** Its Scenes and Sagas. By SARAH BARING-GOULD, M.A. Fellow of St. Nicholas College, Lancast.; Member of the Norse Literary Society. SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

Now ready, THE CHEAPEST FIR-T-CLAS^N VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC EVER PUBLISHED.

VOLUME I. of the MUSICAL HERALD. Hand-colored b. and w. Price 2s. 6d. Containing Sir Henry Bishop's Glees, the standard compositions of Arne, Astor, Beckford, Cesarini, Dibdin, Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Rossini, Spohr, &c. This reprint of nearly every musical work of all the most renowned composers, issued at a prior date, very much below anything ever yet attempted, will, it is believed, secure the greatest admiration want of a carefully and ably edited collection of musical music suitable for the choral, amateur, and other musical societies now so rapidly growing and spreading over this country. The present volume forms an exquisite gift-book. A MANUAL OF MU^C; with Dictionary of Musical Terms, Explanation of Abbreviations, Signs, &c. Price 2s. Published by H. BLAKE, 421, Strand.

THE ROYAL BRIDAL VALSSES. By CHARLES MILSON, Jun. Price 4s., beautifully illustrated. As played and so much admired at the uncovering of the Memorial to the late Prince Consort.

J. T. TREKELL'S WELSH MELODIES, arranged for the Piano-forte, &c. No. 1. March of the Men of Harlech. 8. New-Year's Day. 9. Lady Owen's Delight. 10. The Dawn of Dawn. 11. Watching the Wheat. 12. The Maid of Shrewsbury. 13. The Rising of the Lark.

SIR R. H. BISHOP'S ADMIRE D MELODIES, selected from his Popular Operas. Arranged for the Piano-forte by W. H. CALICOIT. In Two Books, price 6s. each. ADDISON and LUCAS, 210, Regent-street.

HALF PRICE.—All Music sent post-free at half the published price. FOSTER and KING, 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, W.

PIANOFORTES EXTRAORDINARY, at MOORE and MOORE'S 104, Bishopsgate-street Within. These Pianos are of rare excellence, with the best improvements, recently applied, which effect a grand, a pure, and delightful quality of tone that stands unrivaled. Price from Eighteen Guineas. First-class piano for hire, on easy terms of purchase. Jury award. International Exhibition: Honourable mention "for good and cheap pianos." Carriage-free.

PIANOFORTES for SALE or HIRE. Option of Purchase; Convenient terms any desired, carriage-free. The largest assortment in London of every description and price. PEACHEY, Maker, 73, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS.—Cornets, Saxophones, Circular Vibrating Horns, Drums, Flutes, &c., all well manufactured on the premises, and at prices much below those of any other English house. A written guarantee given with every instrument. Manufactory—59, Haymarket, London. Price and drawings post-free.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. JOSEPH GILLOTT, METALLIC PENMAKER TO THE QUEEN, has to inform the commercial world, scientific institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unparalleled machinery for making Steel Pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, must ensure universal approbation and ready competition.

Each pen bears the impress of the name as a guarantee of quality, and they are put up in boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

At the request of numerous persons engaged in trifles, J. G. has introduced his WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PENCIL PEN, which is especially designed for the use of writing of different degrees of difficulty, and with different points, and various points, suitable for the various kinds of writing taught in schools.

Sold retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and 37, Greenough-street, London.

GUINEA CASE OF STATIONERY containing 50 quires superfine Note Paper, 1000 Envelopes, Pen, Holder, and Binder. The purchaser's address stamped plain on note paper. No die required.—SAUNDERS, Stationer, 31, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

YOUR CREST, Address, or Monogram STAMPED on paper and envelopes, in any colour, without charge for the dies, by HENRY REED, Stationer, 37, Oxford-street, two doors from Berners-st. Highly glazed note paper, &c. per ream, mounted in the trade.

YOUR CARD, IF YOU PLEASE.—A Copper-plate Engraved (any style), is 10s. Best Cards printed, 1s. post free: 10 Wedding Invitations, 2s. A GRANGER, 308, High Holborn, W.C.

PENCILS, Black Lead, and Coloured Chalks. A. W. FABRE'S POLYGRAPH LEAD PENCILS. Sold by all Stationers and Artists' Colours. Agents—Heitmann and Kochmann, 9, Friday-st., London, E.C.

CHILDREN'S PENHOLDER.—PEBBY and CO.'S ORTHODACTYLIC PENHOLDER is admirably adapted for giving children a free and easy handwriting. Price 1d., 2d., and 4d. each. Sold by all Stationers. Wholesale, 27, Red Lion-st., and 2, Cheapside.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED FOUNTAIN, as used in the Princess of Wales' Bridal Boudoir. Forms an elegant adjunct to the Drawing-room, Ballroom, and Supper-table. Price from 1s. 10d. to 3s. Strand; and 3s. Cornhill. Let on Hire for Banquets and Parties.

PIENSE and LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS, Macassar, White Rose, Frangipani, Geranium, Patchouli, Ever Sweet, New Moon May, and 1000 others. 2s. 6d. each. 2, New Bond-street, London.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION is produced by GOWLAND'S LOTION. It produces and maintains great purity and delicacy of complexion, removes freckles, and promotes healthy action, softness, and elasticity of the skin, and is recommended in preference to any other preparation of the medical profession. Sold by all Druggists. Half-pints, 2s. 6d.

TEETH.—MESSRS. LEWIN MOSLEY and SONS' system of PAINLESS DENTISTRY, as shown and specially commended at the International Exhibition, Class 17. No. 264, Teeth from 5s. Sets from five guineas.—30, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. For the efficacy and success of this system vide Lancet.

TEETH.—By Mr. ESKELL'S invention, of which he is the sole Patentee (protected July 17, 1860), ARTIFICIAL TEETH, to last a lifetime, are made and fitted in a few hours without pain or extraction; no wires nor fastenings required, and detection impossible. Comfort guaranteed. Mr. Eskell's Treatise, which fully explains his invention, post-free for seven stamps. Consultations free. Terms strictly moderate.—6, Grosvenor-street, Bond-street; and 39, Bennett's-hill, Birmingham.

PURE WATER.—THE NEW FILTER, Dr. Davis says—"I strongly recommend all persons in London during the present unhealthy season not to use cistern water for drinking or cooking purposes without filtering through Mr. Lipscombe's new filter." This Patent Filter can only be had of Mr. LIPSCOMBE, the Patentee, 223, Strand, Temple Bar. Old Filters reconstructed on the new plan.

PATTERNS POST-FREE.
PETER ROBINSON'S CHEAP SILKS now on sale.
A Manufacturer's Stock of Striped and Checked Glace Silks, at 2s. 6d. Self-coloured Glaces, in thirty-three different shades, 2s. 6d. the Full Dress of 14 yards. A lot of Pompadour Broad Silks, at 2s. 6d. A lot of Elégant Châles, at 3s. guineas. Self-coloured Figured Gros de Nîmes, 3 guineas. Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 106, Oxford-street, W.

A CHOICE VARIETY OF FRENCH ORGANIE MUSLINS, Printed Pictures, and Cambric, from 6s. 6d. to 17s. 9d., Full Dress.

S P E C I A L . 500 Places Rich Satin Poultard, reduced to 12s. 6d. the Extra Full Dress. Patterns of the above in endless variety.

A N ELEGANT COLLECTION OF RICH SILK GRENADES, suitable for Dinner or Summer wear, in most brilliant colours, from 16s. 6d. to 60s. the Full Dress.

CHEEKED WOOL GRENADES, all 16s. 6d. the Full Dress, u.-ually sold from 32s. to 40s. Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 106, Oxford-street, W.

T H E B E S T G L O V E S. Beaujolais' Best Pair Kit, 2s. 1½d. per pair (free for 27 stamps).

C H E C K E D W O O L G R E N A D I N E S, all 16s. 6d. the Full Dress, now u.-ually sold from 32s. to 40s. Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 106, Oxford-street, W.

L A S T S E A S O N ' S P A T T E R N S IN MUSLIN CURTAINS, as nearly half-price.

About 1570 Pairs, commanding 10s. 6d. to 20 guineas per pair. Sold in Sets, 15s., 18s., 21s., 24s., 27s., 30s., 33s., 36s., 39s., 42s., 45s., 48s., 51s., 54s., 57s., 60s., 63s., 66s., 69s., 72s., 75s., 78s., 81s., 84s., 87s., 90s., 93s., 96s., 99s., 102s., 105s., 108s., 111s., 114s., 117s., 120s., 123s., 126s., 129s., 132s., 135s., 138s., 141s., 144s., 147s., 150s., 153s., 156s., 159s., 162s., 165s., 168s., 171s., 174s., 177s., 180s., 183s., 186s., 189s., 192s., 195s., 198s., 201s., 204s., 207s., 210s., 213s., 216s., 219s., 222s., 225s., 228s., 231s., 234s., 237s., 240s., 243s., 246s., 249s., 252s., 255s., 258s., 261s., 264s., 267s., 270s., 273s., 276s., 279s., 282s., 285s., 288s., 291s., 294s., 297s., 300s., 303s., 306s., 309s., 312s., 315s., 318s., 321s., 324s., 327s., 330s., 333s., 336s., 339s., 342s., 345s., 348s., 351s., 354s., 357s., 360s., 363s., 366s., 369s., 372s., 375s., 378s., 381s., 384s., 387s., 390s., 393s., 396s., 399s., 402s., 405s., 408s., 411s., 414s., 417s., 420s., 423s., 426s., 429s., 432s., 435s., 438s., 441s., 444s., 447s., 450s., 453s., 456s., 459s., 462s., 465s., 468s., 471s., 474s., 477s., 480s., 483s., 486s., 489s., 492s., 495s., 498s., 501s., 504s., 507s., 510s., 513s., 516s., 519s., 522s., 525s., 528s., 531s., 534s., 537s., 540s., 543s., 546s., 549s., 552s., 555s., 558s., 561s., 564s., 567s., 570s., 573s., 576s., 579s., 582s., 585s., 588s., 591s., 594s., 597s., 600s., 603s., 606s., 609s., 612s., 615s., 618s., 621s., 624s., 627s., 630s., 633s., 636s., 639s., 642s., 645s., 648s., 651s., 654s., 657s., 660s., 663s., 666s., 669s., 672s., 675s., 678s., 681s., 684s., 687s., 690s., 693s., 696s., 699s., 702s., 705s., 708s., 711s., 714s., 717s., 720s., 723s., 726s., 729s., 732s., 735s., 738s., 741s., 744s., 747s., 750s., 753s., 756s., 759s., 762s., 765s., 768s., 771s., 774s., 777s., 780s., 783s., 786s., 789s., 792s., 795s., 798s., 801s., 804s., 807s., 810s., 813s., 816s., 819s., 822s., 825s., 828s., 831s., 834s., 837s., 840s., 843s., 846s., 849s., 852s., 855s., 858s., 861s., 864s., 867s., 870s., 873s., 876s., 879s., 882s., 885s., 888s., 891s., 894s., 897s., 900s., 903s., 906s., 909s., 912s., 915s., 918s., 921s., 924s., 927s., 930s., 933s., 936s., 939s., 942s., 945s., 948s., 951s., 954s., 957s., 960s., 963s., 966s., 969s., 972s., 975s., 978s., 981s., 984s., 987s., 990s., 993s., 996s., 999s., 1002s., 1005s., 1008s., 1011s., 1014s., 1017s., 1020s., 1023s., 1026s., 1029s., 1032s., 1035s., 1038s., 1041s., 1044s., 1047s., 1050s., 1053s., 1056s., 1059s., 1062s., 1065s., 1068s., 1071s., 1074s., 1077s., 1080s., 1083s., 1086s., 1089s., 1092s., 1095s., 1098s., 1101s., 1104s., 1107s., 1110s., 1113s., 1116s., 1119s., 1122s., 1125s., 1128s., 1131s., 1134s., 1137s., 1140s., 1143s., 1146s., 1149s., 1152s., 1155s., 1158s., 1161s., 1164s., 1167s., 1170s., 1173s., 1176s., 1179s., 1182s., 1185s., 1188s., 1191s., 1194s., 1197s., 1200s., 1203s., 1206s., 1209s., 1212s., 1215s., 1218s., 1221s., 1224s., 1227s., 1230s., 1233s., 1236s., 1239s., 1242s., 1245s., 1248s., 1251s., 1254s., 1257s., 1260s., 1263s., 1266s., 1269s., 1272s., 1275s., 1278s., 1281s., 1284s., 1287s., 1290s., 1293s., 1296s., 1299s., 1302s., 1305s., 1308s., 1311s., 1314s., 1317s., 1320s., 1323s., 1326s., 1329s., 1332s., 1335s., 1338s., 1341s., 1344s., 1347s., 1350s., 1353s., 1356s., 1359s., 1362s., 1365s., 1368s., 1371s., 1374s., 1377s., 1380s., 1383s., 1386s., 1389s., 1392s., 1395s., 1398s., 1401s., 1404s., 1407s., 1410s., 1413s., 1416s., 1419s., 1422s., 1425s., 1428s., 1431s., 1434s., 1437s., 1440s., 1443s., 1446s., 1449s., 1452s., 1455s., 1458s., 1461s., 1464s., 1467s., 1470s., 1473s., 1476s., 1479s., 1482s., 1485s., 1488s., 1491s., 1494s., 1497s., 1500s., 1503s., 1506s., 1509s., 1512s., 1515s., 1518s., 1521s., 1524s., 1527s., 1530s., 1533s., 1536s., 1539s., 1542s., 1545s., 1548s., 1551s., 1554s., 1557s., 1560s., 1563s., 1566s., 1569s., 1572s., 1575s., 1578s., 1581s., 1584s., 1587s., 1590s., 1593s., 1596s., 1599s., 1602s., 1605s., 1608s., 1611s., 1614s., 1617s., 1620s., 1623s., 1626s., 1629s., 1632s., 1635s., 1638s., 1641s., 1644s., 1647s., 1650s., 1653s., 1656s., 1659s., 1662s., 1665s., 1668s., 1671s., 1674s., 1677s., 1680s., 1683s., 1686s., 1689s., 1692s., 1695s., 1698s., 1701s., 1704s., 1707s., 1710s., 1713s., 1716s., 1719s., 1722s., 1725s., 1728s., 1731s., 1734s., 1737s., 1740s., 1743s., 1746s., 1749s., 1752s., 1755s., 1758s., 1761s., 1764s., 1767s., 1770s., 1773s., 1776s., 1779s., 1782s., 1785s., 1788s., 1791s., 1794s., 1797s., 1800s., 1803s., 1806s., 1809s., 1812s., 1815s., 1818s., 1821s., 1824s., 1827s., 1830s., 1833s., 1836s., 1839s., 1842s., 1845s., 1848s., 1851s., 1854s., 1857s., 1860s., 1863s., 1866s., 1869s., 1872s., 1875s., 1878s., 1881s., 1884s., 1887s., 1890s., 1893s., 1896s., 1899s., 1902s., 1905s., 1908s., 1911s., 1914s., 1917s., 1920s., 1923s., 1926s., 1929s., 1932s., 1935s., 1938s., 1941s., 1944s., 1947s., 1950s., 1953s., 1956s., 1959s., 1962s., 1965s., 1968s., 1971s., 1974s., 1977s., 1980s., 1983s., 1986s., 1989s., 1992s., 1995s., 1998s., 2001s., 2004s., 2007s., 2010s., 2013s., 2016s., 2019s., 2022s., 2025s., 2028s., 2031s., 2034s., 2037s., 2040s., 2043s., 2046s., 2049s., 2052s., 2055s., 2058s., 2061s., 2064s., 2067s., 2070s., 2073s., 2076s., 2079s., 2082s., 2085s., 2088s., 2091s., 2094s., 2097s., 2100s., 2103s., 21